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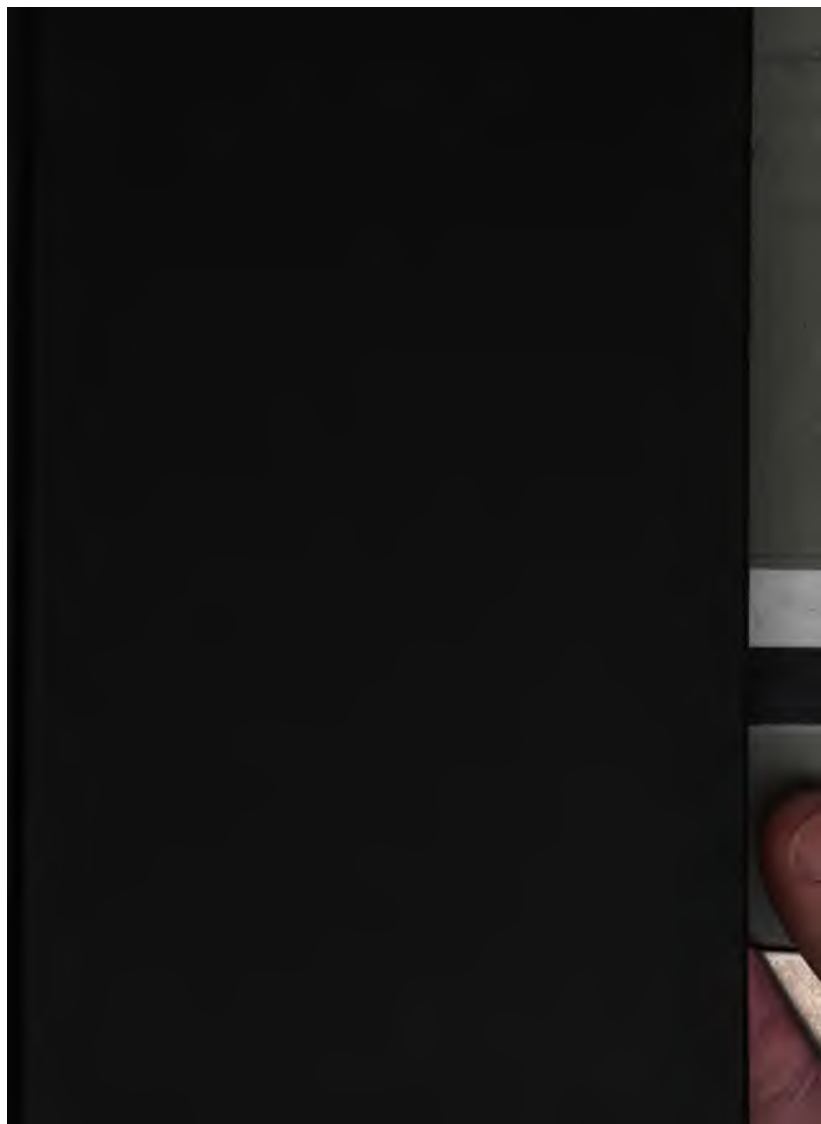
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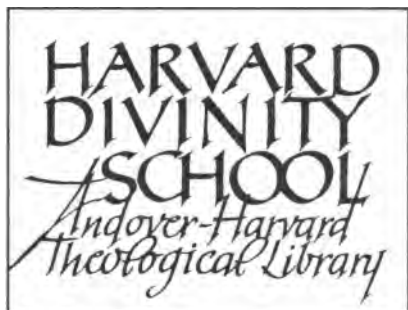
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**HYMNS**  
**FOR THE**  
**CHAPEL OF HARROW SCHOOL**

**SIXTH EDITION, REVISED**

**OXFORD**  
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## PREFACE

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HARROW SCHOOL,  
*January, 1908.*



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## MORNING

### I

**A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run ;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mis-spent time that 's past,  
And live this day as if thy last ;  
Improve thy talent with due care,  
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,  
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;  
Think how all-seeing God thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
High praise to the Eternal King.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

## MORNING

2

ALL praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept,  
And hast refreshed me while I slept :  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless light partake.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;  
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will,  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

## MORNING

3

NEW every morning is the love  
Our wakening and uprising prove,  
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray,  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,  
Will furnish all we ought to ask,  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love  
Fit us for perfect rest above ;  
And help us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray.



## MORNING

4

COME, my soul, thou must be waking ;  
Now is breaking  
O'er the earth another day :  
Come, to Him Who made this splendour  
See thou render  
All thy feeble strength can pay.

Gladly hail the light returning ;  
Ready burning  
Be the incense of thy powers :  
For the night is safely ended ;  
God hath tended  
With His care thy helpless hours.

Pray that He may prosper ever  
Each endeavour,  
When thine aim is good and true ;  
But that He may ever thwart thee,  
And convert thee,  
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

Think that He thy ways beholdeth ;  
He unfoldeth  
Every fault that lurks within ;  
Every stain of shame glossed over  
Can discover,  
And discern each deed of sin.

## MORNING

So mayst thou on life's last morrow,  
Free from sorrow,  
Pass away in slumber sweet ;  
And, released from death's dark sadness,  
Rise in gladness,  
That far brighter Sun to greet.

5

CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ, the true, the only Light,  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night :  
Day-spring from on high, draw near ;  
Day-star, in our hearts appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn,  
Unaccompanied by Thee ;  
Joyless is the day's return,  
Till Thy mercy's beams we see ;  
Till they pour their gladdening light  
Through the darkness of our night.

Visit, then, these souls of Thine,  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;  
Fill us, O Thou Light Divine ;  
Scatter all our unbelief ;  
More and more Thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day.

## MORNING

### 6

AT Thy feet, O Christ, we lay  
Thine own gift of this new day ;  
Doubt of what it holds in store  
Makes us crave Thine aid the more ;  
Lest it prove a time of loss,  
Mark it, Saviour, with Thy Cross.

We in part our weakness know,  
And in part discern our foe ;  
Well for us, before Thine eyes  
All our danger open lies ;  
Turn not from us, while we plead  
Thy compassions and our need.

Fain would we Thy word embrace,  
Live each moment on Thy grace,  
All ourselves to Thee consign,  
Fold up all our wills in Thine,  
Think, and speak, and do, and be  
Simply that which pleases Thee.

Hear us, Lord, and that right soon ;  
Hear, and grant the choicest boon  
That Thy love can e'er impart,  
Loyal singleness of heart ;  
So shall this and all our days,  
Christ, our God, show forth Thy praise.

## MORNING

7

YE that have spent the silent night  
In sleep and quiet rest,  
And joy to see the cheerful light  
That riseth in the east ;  
Now lift your hearts, your voices raise,  
Your morning tribute bring,  
And pay a grateful song of praise  
To heaven's Almighty King.

And as this gloomy night did last  
But for a little space ;  
As heavenly day, now night is past,  
Doth show his pleasant face ;  
So let us hope, when faith and love  
Their work on earth have done,  
God's blessed face to see above,  
Heaven's better, brighter Sun.

God grant us grace that height to gain,  
That glorious sight to see,  
And send us, after worldly pain,  
A life from trouble free ;  
Where cheerful day shall ever shine,  
And sorrow never come :  
Lord, be a place, a portion, mine,  
In that bright blissful home.

## MORNING

8

JAM lucis orto sidere  
Deum precemur supplices,  
Ut in diurnis actibus  
Nos servet a nocentibus.

Linguam refrenans temperet,  
Ne litis horror insonet ;  
Visum fovendo contegat,  
Ne vanitates hauriat.

Sint pura cordis intima,  
Absistat et vecordia ;  
Carnis terat superbiam  
Potus cibique parcitas :

Ut, cum dies abscesserit,  
Noctemque sors reduxerit,  
Mundi per abstinentiam  
Ipsi canamus gloriam.

## MORNING

9

NOW hath arisen the star of day,  
And with his rising let us pray,  
That we throughout his course be freed  
From sinful thought and hurtful deed.

Oh! may the Lord our tongues restrain  
From sounding strife, and converse vain ;  
And from His servants' eyesight hide  
The toys of vanity and pride.

May He our inner thoughts make pure,  
From sins presumptuous us secure ;  
Grant us to use such abstinence  
As may subdue the things of sense ;

That we, when night succeeds to day  
And this bright sun hath passed away,  
Unspotted from the world may raise  
To God, our Saviour, songs of praise.

## MORNING

IO

**A**NOTHER day begun !  
Lord, grant us grace that we,  
Before the setting of the sun,  
Redeem the time for Thee.

Another day of fear ;  
For watchful is our foe,  
And sin is strong, and death is near,  
And short our time below.

Another day of hope ;  
For Thou art with us still,  
And Thine Almighty strength can cope  
With all who seek our ill.

Another day of grace  
To help us on our way ;  
One step towards the resting-place,  
The eternal Sabbath day.

II

**F**ORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, we go,  
Our daily labour to pursue ;  
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know  
In all we think or speak or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assigned  
Oh ! let us cheerfully fulfil ;  
In all our works Thy presence find,  
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

## MORNING

Give us to bear Thy easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray ;  
And still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

Fain would we still for Thee employ  
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,  
And run our course with even joy,  
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

## 12

BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space  
From daily tasks set free,  
And met within Thy holy place  
To rest awhile with Thee.

Yet these are not the only walls  
Wherein Thou mayst be sought ;  
On homeliest work Thy blessing falls,  
In truth and patience wrought.

Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,  
The wealth of land and sea ;  
The worlds of science and of art,  
Revealed and ruled by Thee.

Then let us prove our heavenly birth  
In all we do and know,  
And claim the kingdom of the earth  
For Thee, and not Thy foe.

Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought  
As Thou wouldst have it done ;  
And prayer, by Thee inspired and taught,  
Itself with work be one.



## EVENING

13

**G**LORY to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light ;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,  
The ill that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
Rise glorious at the awful day.

Oh ! may my soul on Thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,  
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make  
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him, all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

## EVENING

14

SWEET Saviour, bless us ere we go,  
Thy word into our minds instil,  
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow  
With lowly love and fervent will.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

The day is done, its hours have run,  
And Thou hast taken count of all,  
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
The broken vow, the frequent fall.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways  
True absolution and release ;  
And bless us, more than in past days,  
With purity and inward peace.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

Do more than pardon ; give us joy,  
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,  
And simple hearts without alloy  
That only long to be like Thee.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful, unto Thee we call ;  
Oh ! let Thy mercy make us glad,  
Thou art our Jesus, and our All.  
Through life's long day and death's dark night,  
O gentle Jesus, be our Light.

## EVENING

15

THE day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,  
The darkness falls at Thy behest ;  
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,  
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,  
While earth rolls onward into light,  
Through all the world her watch is keeping,  
And rests not now by day or night.

The sun that bids us rest is waking  
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,  
And hour by hour fresh lips are making  
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord ; Thy throne shall never,  
Like earth's proud empires, pass away ;  
Thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,  
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

16

THOU brightness of the Father's Light,  
O Christ, Thy holy ray  
Is joy and strength to feeble sight,  
Our never-dying Day.

Now, when the sun sinks down to rest,  
And all his light grows dim,  
To Father, Son, and Spirit blest  
We raise our evening hymn.

## EVENING

Thee, Son of God, Thy creatures sing ;  
And always, night and morn,  
To Thee, of life the Living Spring,  
Be purest praises borne.

17

LORD of our life, Whose tender care  
Hath led us on till now,  
Here lowly at the hour of prayer  
Before Thy throne we bow :  
We bless Thy gracious hand, and pray  
Forgiveness for another day.

Oh ! may we daily, hourly, strive  
In heavenly grace to grow :  
To Thee and to Thy glory live,  
Dead else to all below ;  
Tread in the path our Saviour trod,  
Though thorny, yet the path to God.

With prayer our humble praise we bring  
For mercies day by day ;  
Lord, teach our hearts Thy love to sing,  
Lord, teach us how to pray :  
All that we have, and are, to Thee  
We offer through eternity.

## EVENING

18

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near :  
Oh ! may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live :  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the Voice Divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store :  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take,  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

## EVENING

19

THE radiant morn hath passed away,  
And spent too soon her golden store ;  
The shadows of departing day  
Creep on once more.

Our life is but a fading dawn ;  
Its glorious noon how quickly past !  
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,  
Safe home at last.

Oh ! by Thy soul-inspiring grace,  
Uplift our hearts to realms on high :  
Help us to look to that bright place  
Beyond the sky,

Where light, and love, and joy, and peace  
In undivided empire reign,  
And thronging angels never cease  
Their deathless strain :

Where saints are clothed in spotless white,  
And evening shadows never fall,  
Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light,  
Art Lord of all.

## EVENING

20

○ STRENGTH and Stay upholding all creation  
Who ever dost Thyself unmoved abide,  
Yet day by day the light in due gradation  
From hour to hour through all its change:  
guide;

Grant to life's day a calm unclouded ending,  
An eve untouched by shadows of decay,  
The brightness of a holy death-bed blending  
With dawning glories of the eternal day.

## EVENING

21

THE sun is sinking fast,  
The daylight dies ;  
Let love awake, and pay  
Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the Cross  
His head inclined,  
And to His Father's hands  
His parting soul resigned ;

So now herself my soul  
Would wholly give  
Into His sacred charge,  
In Whom all spirits live :

So now beneath His eye  
Would calmly rest,  
Without a wish or thought  
Abiding in the breast ;

Save that His will be done,  
Whate'er betide ;  
Dead to herself, and dead  
In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live ; yet now  
Not I, but He  
In all His power and love  
Henceforth alive in me.

One sacred Trinity !  
One Lord Divine !  
May I be ever His,  
And He for ever mine.



## EVENING

2

**A**BIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide ;  
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide :  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, oh ! abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away :  
Change and decay in all around I see ;  
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me !

I need Thy presence every passing hour ;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's  
power ?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with  
me !

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :  
Where is death's sting ? Where, grave, thy  
victory ?

I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes ;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the  
skies :

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
shadows flee ;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !

## EVENING

23

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,  
Ere repose our spirits seal :  
Sin and want we come confessing,  
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,  
Though the arrow past us fly,  
Angel-guards from Thee surround us ;  
We are safe, if Thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,  
Darkness cannot hide from Thee ;  
Thou art He, Who, never weary,  
Watchest where Thy people be.

Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,  
Ere repose our spirits seal :  
Sin and want we come confessing,  
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

## EVENING

24

**G**OD, That madest earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light ;  
Who the day for toil hast given,  
For rest the night ;  
May Thine angel-guards defend us,  
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping ;  
And, when we die,  
May we, in Thy mighty keeping,  
All peaceful lie.

When the last dread call shall wake us,  
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,  
But to reign in glory take us  
With Thee on high.

25

**T**HROUGH the day Thy love has spared us,  
Now we lay us down to rest ;  
Through the silent watches guard us,  
Let no foe our peace molest :  
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be ;  
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,  
Dwelling in the midst of foes,  
Us and ours preserve from dangers ;  
In Thine arms may we repose,  
And, when life's short day is past,  
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

## EVENING

26

OUR day of praise is done ;  
The evening shadows fall ;  
But pass not from us with the sun,  
True Light that lightenest all.

Around the throne on high,  
Where night can never be,  
The white-robed harpers of the sky  
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

Too faint our anthems here ;  
Too soon of praise we tire :  
But oh ! the strains how full and clear  
Of that eternal choir !

Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will  
If Thou attune the heart,  
We in Thine angels' music still  
May bear our lower part.

'Tis Thine each soul to calm,  
Each wayward thought reclaim,  
And make our life a daily psalm  
Of glory to Thy Name.

A little while, and then  
Shall come the glorious end ;  
And songs of angels and of men  
In perfect praise shall blend.

## EVENING

27

AT even, ere the sun was set,  
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay :  
Oh ! in what divers pains they met !  
Oh ! with what joy they went away !

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,  
Oppressed with various ills, draw near :  
What if Thy form we cannot see ?  
We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel ;  
For some are sick, and some are sad,  
And some have never loved Thee well,  
And some have lost the love they had :

And some have found the world is vain,  
Yet from the world they break not free ;  
And some have friends who give them pain,  
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee :

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,  
For none are wholly free from sin ;  
And they, who fain would serve Thee best  
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man ;  
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;  
Thy kind but searching glance can scan  
The very wounds that shame would hide.

Thy touch has still its ancient power,  
No word from Thee can fruitless fall :  
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,  
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

## EVENING

28

THE day is past and over ;  
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee ;  
We pray Thee now that sinless  
The hours of dark may be :  
O Jesu, keep us in Thy sight,  
And guard us through the coming night.

The joys of day are over ;  
We lift our hearts to Thee,  
And ask Thee that offenceless  
The hours of dark may be :  
O Jesu, keep us in Thy sight,  
And guard us through the coming night.

The toils of day are over ;  
We raise the hymn to Thee,  
And ask that free from peril  
The hours of dark may be :  
O Jesu, keep us in Thy sight,  
And guard us through the coming night.

Be Thou our soul's Preserver,  
For Thou alone dost know  
How many are the perils  
Through which we have to go :  
O loving Jesu, hear our call,  
And guard and save us from them all.

## EVENING

29

**H**OLY Father, cheer our way  
With Thy love's perpetual ray ;  
Grant us every closing day  
Light at evening time.

Holy Saviour, calm our fears  
When earth's brightness disappears ;  
Grant us in our latter years  
Light at evening time.

Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh  
When in mortal pains we lie ;  
Grant us, as we come to die,  
Light at evening time.

Holy, Blessèd Trinity !  
Darkness is not dark with Thee ;  
Those Thou keepest always see  
Light at evening time.

## SUNDAY

30

THIS is the day of light :  
Let there be light to-day ;  
O Day-spring, rise upon our night  
And chase its gloom away.

This is the day of rest :  
Our failing strength renew ;  
On weary brain and troubled breast  
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

This is the day of peace :  
Thy peace our spirits fill !  
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,  
The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of prayer :  
Let earth to heaven draw near ;  
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there,  
Come down to meet us here.

This is the first of days :  
Send forth Thy quickening breath,  
And wake dead souls to love and praise,  
O Vanquisher of death.



## SUNDAY

31

**T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours His own :  
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.

'To-day He rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell ;  
To-day the saints His triumphs spread,  
And all His wonders tell.

Hosanna to the anointed King,  
To David's holy Son !  
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring  
Salvation from Thy throne.

Blest be the Lord, Who comes to men  
With messages of grace ;  
Who comes, in God His Father's Name,  
To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains  
The Church on earth can raise !  
The highest heavens in which He reigns  
Shall give Him nobler praise.

## SUNDAY

32

JESUS, where'er Thy people meet,  
There they behold Thy mercy-seat :  
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found,  
And every place is hallowed ground.

For Thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind :  
Such ever bring Thee where they come,  
And going take Thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of Thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew ;  
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of Thy saving Name.

Here may we prove the power of prayer  
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Lord, we are few, but Thou art near ;  
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear :  
Oh ! rend the heavens, come quickly down  
And make a thousand hearts Thine own.

SUNDAY

33

**L**ORD, when we bend before Thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,  
May we our wills resign ;  
And not a thought our bosoms share  
Which is not wholly Thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,  
And lift it to the skies ;  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
Which grants it, or denies.

When our united voices strive  
Their cheerful hymns to raise,  
Let love divine within us live,  
And lift our souls in praise.

Then, on Thy glories while we dwell,  
Thy mercies we'll review,  
Till love divine transported tell  
Thou, God, art Father too.

## SUNDAY

34

**S**WEET is the work, our God and King,  
To praise Thy Name, give thanks and sing ;  
To show Thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all Thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;  
No earthly cares shall fill our breast :  
Oh ! may our hearts in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

Our souls shall triumph in the Lord,  
And bless Him for His works and word :  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !  
How deep Thy counsels, how divine !

In that eternal world of joy  
Shall every power find sweet employ :  
Then shall we see, and hear, and know  
All we desired or wished below.

## SUNDAY

35

**G**REAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear,  
Thy presence now display ;  
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let holy peace  
And love and concord dwell ;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.

May we in faith receive Thy word,  
In faith present our prayers ;  
And in the presence of our Lord  
Unbosom all our cares.

The hearing ear, the seeing eye,  
The contrite heart bestow ;  
And shine upon us from on high,  
That we in grace may grow.

## SUNDAY

36

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise  
With one accord our parting hymn of praise ;  
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,  
Then lowly kneeling wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way ;  
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day ;  
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from  
shame,  
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming  
night,  
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light ;  
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,  
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly  
life,  
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife ;  
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflicts  
cease,  
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

## SUNDAY

37

ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;  
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,  
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;  
Without our aid He did us make :  
We are His flock, He doth us feed,  
And for His sheep He doth us take.

Oh ! enter then His gates with praise,  
Approach with joy His courts unto ;  
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.

For why ? The Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure ;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

38

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;  
Know that the Lord is God alone,  
He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;  
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,  
He brought us to His fold again.

## ADVENT

We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise ;  
And earth with her ten thousand tongues  
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.  
Wide as the world is Thy command,  
Vast as eternity Thy love ;  
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

39

**H**ARK the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long ;  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.  
He comes, the prisoners to release  
In Satan's bondage held ;  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.  
He comes, from thickest films of vice  
To clear the mental ray,  
And on the eyelids of the blind  
To pour celestial day.  
He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The contrite soul to cure,  
And with the treasures of His grace  
To bless the humble poor.  
Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With Thy beloved Name.



## ADVENT

40

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For Him shall endless prayer be made,  
And princes throng to crown His head ;  
His Name, like sweet perfume, shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His Name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains ;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honours to our King ;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

## ADVENT

41

O COME, O come, Emmanuel,  
And ransom captive Israel,  
That mourns in lonely exile here,  
Until the Son of God appear.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free  
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;  
From depths of hell Thy people save,  
And give them victory o'er the grave.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Dayspring, from on high,  
And cheer us by Thy drawing nigh;  
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,  
And death's dark shadows put to flight.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Thou Key of David, come  
And open wide our heavenly home;  
Make safe the way that leads on high,  
And close the path to misery.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

O come, Adonai, Lord of might,  
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,  
In ancient times didst give the law,  
In cloud and majesty and awe.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

## ADVENT

42

HARK ! a thrilling voice is sounding,  
‘Christ is nigh,’ it seems to say ;  
‘Cast away the works of darkness,  
O ye children of the day !’

Startled by the solemn warning,  
Let the earth-bound soul arise ;  
Christ, our Sun, all clouds dispelling,  
Shines upon the morning skies.

Once the Lamb, so long expected,  
Came in great humility :  
Once again behold He cometh,  
Robed in dreadful majesty.

Hark ! a thrilling voice is sounding,  
‘Christ is nigh,’ it seems to say ;  
‘Cast away the works of darkness,  
O ye children of the day !’

## ADVENT

43

LO! He comes, with clouds descending,  
Once for favoured sinners slain ;  
Thousand thousand saints attending  
Swell the triumph of His train :  
Alleluia !  
God appears, on earth to reign.

Every eye shall now behold Him,  
Robed in dreadful majesty :  
Those who set at nought and sold Him,  
Pierced, and nailed Him to the Tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.

Now Redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear ;  
All His saints, by man rejected,  
Now shall meet Him in the air :  
Alleluia !  
See the day of God appear.

Yea, Amen ! let all adore Thee,  
High on Thine eternal throne ;  
Saviour, take the power and glory ;  
Claim the kingdom for Thine own :  
Oh ! come quickly,  
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

## ADVENT

44

**D**IES irae, dies illa  
Solvat saeculum in favilla,  
Crucis explicans vexilla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,  
Quando Judex est venturus  
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum  
Per sepulcra regionum,  
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Liber scriptus proferetur,  
In quo totum continetur  
De quo mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo quum sedebit,  
Quidquid latet apparebit,  
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tum dicturus,  
Quem patronum rogaturus,  
Quum vix justus sit securus?

Recordare, Jesu pie,  
Quod sum causa tuae viae,  
Ne me perdas illa die.

Quaerens me sedisti lassus,  
Redemisti Crucem passus :  
Tantus labor ne sit cassus.

Oro supplex et acclinis,  
Cor contritum quasi cinis :  
Gere curam mei finis.

## ADVENT

45

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away!  
What power shall be the sinner's stay?  
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,  
The flaming heavens together roll ;  
When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead ;

Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day,  
When man to judgement wakes from clay,  
Be Thou the trembling sinner's Stay,  
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

## ADVENT

46

DAY of wrath and doom impending,  
David's word with Sibyl's blending !  
Heaven and earth in ashes ending !  
O, what fear man's bosom rendeth,  
When from heaven the Judge descendeth,  
On Whose sentence all dependeth !

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,  
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,  
All before the throne it bringeth.  
Death is struck, and nature quaking,  
All creation is awaking,  
To its Judge an answer making.

Lo ! the book exactly worded,  
Wherein all hath been recorded ;  
Thence shall judgement be awarded.

When the Judge His seat attaineth,  
And each hidden deed arraigneth,  
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading ?  
Who for me be interceding,  
When the just are mercy needing ?

King of majesty tremendous,  
Who-dost free salvation send us,  
Fount of pity, then befriend us !

Think, kind Jesu !—my salvation  
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation ;  
Leave me not to reprobation.

## ADVENT

Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,  
On the Cross of suffering bought me ;  
Shall such grace be vainly brought me ?

Righteous Judge ! for sin's pollution  
Grant Thy gift of absolution,  
Ere that day of retribution.

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,  
All my shame with anguish owning ;  
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning !

Through the sinful woman shriven,  
Through the dying thief forgiven,  
Thou to me a hope hast given.

Worthless are my prayers and sighing,  
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,  
Rescue me from fires undying.

With Thy sheep a place provide me,  
From the goats afar divide me,  
To Thy right hand do Thou guide me.

When the wicked are confounded,  
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,  
Call me, with Thy saints surrounded.

Low I kneel, with heart submission ;  
See, like ashes my contrition !  
Help me in my last condition !

Ah ! that day of tears and mourning !  
From the dust of earth returning,  
Man for judgement must prepare him ;  
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him !  
Lord, all-pitying, Jesu blest,  
Grant them Thine eternal rest.



## ADVENT

47

**G**REAT God ! what do I see and hear ?  
The end of things created ;  
The Judge of mankind doth appear,  
On clouds of glory seated :  
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
The dead which they contained before ;  
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
At the last trumpet's sounding,  
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,  
With joy their Lord surrounding :  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet Him.

But sinners, filled with guilty fears,  
Behold His wrath prevailing ;  
For they shall rise, and find their tears  
And sighs are unavailing :  
The day of grace is past and gone ;  
Trembling they stand before the throne,  
All unprepared to meet Him.

Oh ! who may dare, just King of kings,  
To stand at Thine appearing ?  
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,  
The Judge my nature wearing :  
Beneath His Cross I view the day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
And thus prepare to meet Him.

## ADVENT

48

**T**HY kingdom come, O God !  
Thy rule, O Christ, begin !  
Break with Thine iron rod  
The tyrannies of sin.

Where is Thy reign of peace,  
And purity, and love ?  
When shall all hatred cease,  
As in the realms above ?

When comes the promised time  
That war shall be no more,  
And lust, oppression, crime  
Shall flee Thy face before ?

We pray Thee, Lord, arise,  
And come in Thy great might ;  
Revive our longing eyes,  
Which languish for Thy sight.

Men scorn Thy sacred Name,  
And wolves devour Thy fold ;  
By many deeds of shame  
We learn that love grows cold.

O'er heathen lands afar  
Thick darkness broodeth yet ;  
Arise, O morning Star,  
Arise, and never set !

## ADVENT

49

**W**AKE! awake! for night is flying;  
The watchmen on the heights are crying :  
Awake, Jerusalem, at last !  
Midnight hears the welcome voices,  
And at the thrilling cry rejoices :  
Come forth, ye virgins, night is past ;  
The Bridegroom comes, awake !  
Your lamps with gladness take ;  
Alleluia !  
And for His marriage feast prepare,  
For ye must go to meet Him there.

Zion hears the watchmen singing,  
And all her heart with joy is springing ;  
She wakes, she rises from her gloom :  
For her Lord comes down all glorious,  
The strong in grace, in truth victorious ;  
Her Star is risen, her Light is come :  
Ah, come, Thou blessed Lord,  
O Jesu, living Word !  
Alleluia !

We follow, till the halls we see  
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

## ADVENT

50

**B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow,  
The gladly solemn sound ;  
Let all the nations know,  
To earth's remotest bound :  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home !  
Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Hath full atonement made :  
Ye weary spirits, rest ;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad :  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home !  
Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb ;  
Redemption in His blood  
Throughout the world proclaim :  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home !  
Ye slaves of sin and hell,  
Your liberty receive ;  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live :  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home !  
The Gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of heavenly grace ;  
And, saved from earth, appear  
Before your Saviour's face :  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home !

## ADVENT

51

BLESSED Lord, Who, till the morning  
Of Thine Advent shall appear,  
Words of hope hast left, a warning,  
Souls to strengthen, guide, and cheer ;  
Left them written for our learning,  
Pointing out the narrow way,  
Lest our hearts, with all their yearning  
After home, should go astray :

Grant us, in those sacred pages,  
Grace to find the gifts untold,  
Which for ages upon ages  
Did Thy people's hearts uphold :  
Grant us in the sacred story  
Of the deeds which Thou hast done  
Grace to catch those gleams of glory  
That on saint and martyr shone.

Grant us faithful hearts to linger  
O'er the steps which Thou hast trod,  
While Thy Cross with silent finger  
Points the upward way to God ;  
With our lamps well trimmed and burning,  
Patient through Thy holy word,  
Watching for Thy bright returning,  
Waiting for our absent Lord.

## ADVENT

52

**R**ETURN, and come to God,  
Cast all your sins away :  
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood ;  
Repent, believe, obey !

Say not ye cannot come ;  
For Jesus bled, and died,  
That none who ask in humble faith  
Should ever be denied.

Say not ye will not come ;  
'Tis God vouchsafes to call ;  
And fearful will their end be found  
On whom His wrath shall fall.

Come, then, whoever will,  
Come, while 'tis called to-day :  
Seek ye the Saviour's cleansing blood ;  
Repent, believe, obey !

## ADVENT

53

ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry  
Announces that the Lord is nigh ;  
Awake, and hearken, for he brings  
Glad tidings of the King of kings.

Then cleansed be every breast from sin ;  
Make straight the way for God within ;  
Prepare we in our hearts a home,  
Where such a mighty Guest may come.

For Thou art our Salvation, Lord,  
Our Refuge, and our great Reward ;  
Without Thy grace we waste away,  
Like flowers that wither and decay.

To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,  
And bid the fallen sinner stand ;  
Shine forth, and let Thy light restore  
Earth's own true loveliness once more.

All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee  
Whose Advent doth Thy people free,  
Whom with the Father we adore  
And Holy Ghost for evermore !

54

A VOICE by Jordan's shore !  
A summons stern and clear ;  
Reform, be just, and sin no more,  
God's judgement draweth near.

## ADVENT

A voice by Galilee,  
A holier voice I hear ;  
Love God, thy neighbour love, for see,  
God's mercy draweth near.

O voice of duty, still  
Speak forth ; I hear with awe ;  
In thee I own the sovereign will,  
Obey the sovereign law.

Thou higher voice of love,  
Yet speak thy word in me ;  
Through duty let me upward move  
To thy pure liberty.

55

COME, Thou Saviour long expected,  
Born to set Thy people free ;  
From our guilt and fear protected,  
We shall find our rest in Thee.  
Israel's Strength and Consolation,  
Hope of all the saints Thou art ;  
Blest Desire of every nation,  
Joy of every longing heart.

Born the chains of sin to sever,  
Born a Child and yet a King,  
Born to reign in us for ever,  
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring ;  
By Thine own Eternal Spirit  
Rule in all our hearts alone ;  
By Thine all-sufficient merit  
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.



## CHRISTMAS

56

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by  
night,

All seated on the ground,  
The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around.

'Fear not,' said he ; for mighty dread  
Had seized their troubled mind ;  
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.

'To you in David's town this day  
Is born of David's line  
A Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord ;  
And this shall be the sign :

'The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid.'

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels praising God, who thus  
Addressed their joyful song :

'All glory be to God on high,  
And on the earth be peace ;  
Goodwill henceforth from heaven to men  
Begin and never cease !'

## CHRISTMAS

57

**H**ARK ! the herald-angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King,  
Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled.  
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies ;  
With the angelic host proclaim,  
' Christ is born in Bethlehem ! '

Hark ! the herald-angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,  
Christ, the Everlasting Lord,  
Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see ;  
Hail ! the Incarnate Deity !  
Man with man He deigns to dwell,  
Jesus, our Immanuel.

Hark ! the herald-angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.

Hail ! the heaven-born Prince of Peace !  
Hail ! the Sun of Righteousness !  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings.  
Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

Hark ! the herald-angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King.

## CHRISTMAS

58

ADESTE, fideles,  
Laeti triumphantes ;  
Venite, venite in Bethlehem ;  
Natum videte  
Regem angelorum :  
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Deum de Deo,  
Lumen de Lumine,  
Gestant puellae viscera  
Deum Verum,  
Genitum, non factum :  
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Cantet nunc hymnos  
Chorus angelorum,  
Cantet nunc aula caelestium,  
' Gloria  
In excelsis Deo ! '  
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Ergo Qui natus  
Die hodierna,  
Jesu, Tibi sit gloria ;  
Patris Aeterni  
Verbum Caro factum :  
Venite adoremus Dominum.

## CHRISTMAS

59

**O** COME, all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant,  
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem.  
Come and behold Him,  
Born the King of angels ;  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord !

God of God,  
Light of Light,  
Lo ! He abhors not the Virgin's womb ;  
Very God,  
Begotten, not created ;  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord !

Sing, choirs of angels,  
Sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,  
' Glory to God  
In the highest ' :  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord !

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,  
Born this happy morning ;  
Jesus, to Thee be glory given,  
Word of the Father,  
Now in flesh appearing ;  
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord !

## CHRISTMAS

60

CHRISTIANS, awake ! salute the happy  
morn,

Whereon the Saviour of the world was born ;  
Rise to adore the mystery of love  
Which hosts of angels chanted from above :  
With them the joyful tidings first begun  
Of God Incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

'Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, ' Behold  
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth  
To you and all the nations upon earth :  
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,  
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.'

He spake ; and straightway the celestial choir  
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire :  
The praises of redeeming love they sang,  
And heaven's whole orb with Alleluias rang :  
God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
Peace upon earth, and unto men good will.

To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds  
ran,

To see the wonder God had wrought for man,  
And found, with Joseph and the blessed Maid,  
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid :  
Then to their flocks, still praising God, return,  
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn.

Oh ! may we keep and ponder in our mind  
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind ;  
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,  
*From the poor manger to the bitter Cross ;*

## EPIPHANY

Tread in His steps, through lowly toil and pain,  
Till man's first heavenly state be ours again.

Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,  
To sing, redeemed, a glad triumphal song :  
He that was born upon this joyful day  
Around us all His glory shall display ;  
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing  
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

61

EARTH has many a noble city ;  
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel :  
Out of thee the Lord from heaven  
Came to rule His Israel.

Fairer than the sun at morning  
Was the star that told His birth,  
To the world its God announcing  
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

Eastern sages at His cradle  
Make oblations rich and rare ;  
See them give, in deep devotion,  
Gold and frankincense and myrrh ;

Sacred gifts of mystic meaning :  
Incense doth their God disclose,  
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,  
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.

Jesu, Whom the Gentiles worshipped  
At Thy glad Epiphany,  
Unto Thee, with God the Father  
And the Spirit, glory be !

## EPIPHANY

62

**B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the  
morning,

Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid ;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;  
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,  
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,  
Odours of Edom and offerings divine ?  
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure ;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid ;  
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

## EPIPHANY

63

BLEST are the pure in heart,  
For they shall see our God ;  
The secret of the Lord is theirs,  
Their soul is Christ's abode.

The Lord, who left the heavens  
Our life and peace to bring,  
To dwell in lowliness with men,  
Their Pattern and their King ;

He to the lowly soul  
Doth still Himself impart,  
And for His cradle and His throne  
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Lord, we Thy presence seek ;  
May ours this blessing be ;  
Give us a pure and lowly heart,  
A temple meet for Thee.



# EPIPHANY

64

**H**OW brightly beams the morning star!  
What sudden radiance from afar

Doth glad us with its shining !

Brightness of God, that breaks our night

And fills the darkened souls with light

Who long for truth were pining !

Thy word, Jesu,

Inly feeds us,

Rightly leads us,

Life bestowing :

Praise, oh ! praise such love o'erflowing !

Thou here my Comfort, there my Crown,

Thou King of heaven, Who camest down

To dwell as man beside me,

My heart doth praise Thee o'er and o'er ;

If Thou art mine, I ask no more,

Be wealth or fame denied me :

Thee I seek now ;

None who proves Thee,

None who loves Thee

Finds Thee fail him :

Lord of Life, Thy powers avail him.

Oh ! praise to Him Who came to save,

Who conquered death and burst the grave !

Each day new praise resoundeth

To Him the Lamb Who once was slain,

The Friend Whom none shall trust in vain,

Whose grace for aye aboundeth.

Sing, ye heavens,

Tell the story

Of His glory,

Till His praises

*Flood with light earth's darkest places !*

## EPIPHANY

65

AS with gladness men of old  
Did the guiding star behold ;  
As with joy they hailed its light,  
Leading onward, beaming bright ;  
So, most gracious Lord, may we  
Evermore be led to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed,  
There to bend the knee before  
Him whom heaven and earth adore ;  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare  
At that manger rude and bare ;  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to Thee our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way ;  
And, when earthly things are past  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

## EPIPHANY

**H**AIL to the Lord's Anointed  
Great David's greater Son !  
Hail, in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun !  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.  
Kings shall fall down before Him  
And gold and incense bring ;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing ;  
For He shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion  
Or dove's light wing can soar.  
To Him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend,  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end :  
The mountain dews shall nourish  
A seed, in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,  
And shake like Lebanon.  
O'er every foe victorious  
He on His throne shall rest,  
From age to age more glorious,  
All-blessing and all-blessed :  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove ;  
His Name shall stand for ever,  
His great, best Name of Love.

## SEPTUAGESIMA

67

**O**H ! worship the King all glorious above !  
Oh ! gratefully sing His power and His love !  
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,  
Pavilioned with splendour and girded with  
praise !

Oh ! tell of His might, oh ! sing of His grace,  
Whose robe is the light, Whose canopy space :  
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds  
form,  
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

This earth, with its store of wonders untold,  
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old ;  
Hath stablished it fast by a changeless decree,  
And round it hath cast like a mantle the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,  
It streams from the hills, it descends to the  
plain,  
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail :  
Thy mercies how tender, how sure to the end,  
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer and Friend !

## SEPTUAGESIMA

68

I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen  
With garlands gay of various green ;  
I praised the sea, whose ample field  
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;  
And earth and ocean seemed to say,  
'Our beauties are but for a day.'

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled  
On wheels of amber and of gold ;  
I praised the moon, whose softer eye  
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky ;  
And moon and sun in answer said,  
'Our days of light are numbered.'

O God, O Good beyond compare,  
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,  
If thus Thy bounties gild the span  
Of ruined earth and sinful man,  
How glorious must the mansions be  
Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee !

## SEPTUAGESIMA

69

THE spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame  
Their great Original proclaim.  
The unwearied sun from day to day  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth ;  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?  
What though nor real voice nor sound  
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
For ever singing, as they shine,  
'The Hand that made us is Divine.'

## SEPTUAGESIMA

70

**F**OR the beauty of the earth,  
For the glory of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth  
Over and around us lies,  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our grateful psalm of praise.

For the wonder of each hour  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
Sun and moon, and stars of light,  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our grateful psalm of praise.

For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth, and friends above,  
Pleasures pure and undefiled,  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our grateful psalm of praise.

For Thy Church that evermore  
Lifteth holy hands above,  
Offering up on every shore  
Her pure sacrifice of love,  
Lord of all, to Thee we raise  
This our grateful psalm of praise.

## SEPTUAGESIMA

71

THERE is a book, who runs may read,  
Which heavenly truth imparts ;  
And all the lore its scholars need,  
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,  
Within us and around,  
Are pages in that book to show  
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky embracing all  
Is like the Maker's love,  
Wherewith encompassed, great and small  
In peace and order move.

The moon above, the Church below,  
A wondrous race they run ;  
But all their radiance, all their glow,  
Each borrows of its Sun.

Two worlds are ours : 'tis only sin  
Forbids us to descry  
The mystic heaven and earth within,  
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, Who hast given me eyes to see  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out Thee,  
And read Thee everywhere.



## SEPTUAGESIMA

72

JERUSALEM, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me,  
When shall my labours have an end  
In joy and peace and thee ?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls  
And gates of pearl behold,  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold ?

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand ;  
And all I love in Christ below  
Shall join that glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,  
My soul still longs for thee ;  
Then shall my labours have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

## SEPTUAGESIMA

73

JERUSALEM the golden,  
With milk and honey blest ;  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice oppressed.  
I know not, oh ! I know not  
What joys await us there,  
What radiancy of glory,  
What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,  
All jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng :  
The Prince is ever in them,  
The daylight is serene ;  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David ;  
And there, from care released,  
The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast ;  
And they, who with their Leader  
Have conquered in the fight,  
For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white.

## SEXAGESIMA

74

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,  
And in the depth be praise ;  
In all His words most wonderful,  
Most sure in all His ways !

O loving wisdom of our God !  
When all was sin and shame,  
A second Adam to the fight  
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love ! that flesh and blood,  
Which did in Adam fail,  
Should strive afresh against the foe,  
Should strive and should prevail ;

O generous love ! that He, Who smote  
In man for man the foe,  
The double agony in man  
For man should undergo ;

And in the garden secretly,  
And on the Cross on high,  
Should teach His brethren and inspire  
To suffer and to die.

Praise to the Holiest in the height  
And in the depth be praise ;  
In all His words most wonderful,  
Most sure in all His ways !

## QUINQUAGESIMA

75

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,  
Taught by Thee, we covet most  
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost  
Holy, heavenly Love.

Faith, that mountains could remove,  
Tongues of earth or heaven above,  
Knowledge, all things, empty prove,  
Without heavenly Love

Love is kind, and suffers long,  
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,  
Love than death itself more strong ;  
Therefore give us Love.

Prophecy will fade away,  
Melting in the light of day ;  
Love will ever with us stay ;  
Therefore give us Love.

Faith and Hope and Love we see  
Joining hand in hand agree ;  
But the greatest of the three,  
And the best, is Love.

## QUINQUAGESIMA

76

LORD of Love, Whose words have taught us  
How to serve Thee and obey ;  
Lord of Love, Whose deeds have brought us  
Wondering at Thy feet to pray ;  
Fill our hearts with ample measure  
Of the Christian graces three ;  
Most of all with Thy dear treasure,  
Never-failing Charity ;

Charity, that ever bindeth  
Mortal men with cords of love ;  
Charity, that still remindeth  
Earthly souls of heaven above ;  
Charity, the Spirit's token,  
Sinners have received of Thee :  
He whom Jesus loved hath spoken,  
God Himself is Charity.

## LENT

77

LORD Jesus, think on me  
And purge away my sin :  
From earth-born passions set me free,  
And make me pure within.

Lord Jesus, think on me  
With many a care oppressed ;  
Let me Thy loving servant be,  
And taste Thy promised rest.

Lord Jesus, think on me,  
Nor let me go astray ;  
Through darkness and perplexity  
Point Thou the heavenly way.

Lord Jesus, think on me,  
That, when the flood is past,  
I may the eternal brightness see,  
And share Thy joy at last.

Lord Jesus, think on me,  
That I may sing above  
To Father, Holy Ghost, and Thee  
The songs of praise and love.

## LENT

78

JUST as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, Whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears, within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because Thy promise I believe—  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down—  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am, of that free love  
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove  
Here for a season, then above,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

## LENT

79

OH! help us, Lord ; each hour of need  
Thy heavenly succour give,  
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,  
Each hour on earth we live.

Oh! help us when our spirits bleed  
With contrite anguish sore ;  
And when our hearts are cold and dead,  
Oh! help us, Lord, the more.

Oh! help us, through the prayer of faith  
More firmly to believe ;  
For still the more the servant hath,  
The more shall he receive.

Oh! help us, Saviour, from on high ;  
We know no help but Thee :  
Oh! help us so to live and die  
As Thine in heaven to be.



SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee  
Low we bow the adoring knee,  
When, repentant, to the skies  
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,  
Oh ! by all the pains and woe  
Suffered once for man below,  
Bending from Thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn litany !

By Thy helpless infant years,  
By Thy life of want and tears,  
By Thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness,  
By the dread mysterious hour  
Of the insulting tempter's power,  
Turn, oh ! turn a favouring eye,  
Hear our solemn litany !

By the sacred griefs that wept  
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,  
By the boding tears that flowed  
Over Salem's loved abode,  
By the anguished sigh that told  
Treachery lurked within Thy fold,  
From Thy seat above the sky  
Hear our solemn litany !

By Thine hour of dire despair,  
By Thine agony and prayer,  
By the Cross, the nail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,  
By the gloom that veiled the skies  
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,  
*Listen to our humble cry,  
Hear our solemn litany !*

## LENT

By Thy deep expiring groan,  
By the sad sepulchral stone,  
By the vault whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God,  
Oh ! from earth to heaven restored,  
Mighty re-ascended Lord,  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn litany !

81

**L**ORD, in this Thy mercy's day,  
Ere it pass for aye away,  
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesus, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears.  
Ere that awful doom appears.

Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,  
Kneeling lowly at the door,  
Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,  
By Thy supplicating cry,  
By Thy willingness to die,

By Thy tears of bitter woe  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not Thy love forego.

Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,  
Lest we lose this day of grace,  
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

## LENT

82

SAVIOUR, when temptations try us,  
And our strength is like to fail,  
May the thought that Thou art by us  
Lend us courage to prevail.

If the foe has dared to enter,  
Fought, and turned at last to flee,  
Take away our pride, and centre  
All our gratitude on Thee.

If the conflict overtake us,  
And we fight and fail to win,  
Banish blind despair, and make us  
Braver in the war with sin.

Should we e'er in mean submission  
Basely yield without a blow,  
May the tears of true contrition  
Testify our shame and woe.

Saviour, Thou hast known temptation,  
Thou hast felt its deadly power ;  
Succour us with Thy salvation,  
Aid us in the evil hour

## LENT

83

NOT in anger, mighty God,  
Not in anger smite us ;  
We must perish if Thy rod  
Justly should requite us :  
We are nought ;  
Sin hath brought,  
Lord, Thy wrath upon us ;  
Yet have mercy on us.

Show me now a Father's love,  
And His tender patience ;  
Heal my wounded soul, remove  
These too sore temptations :  
I am weak ;  
Father, speak  
Thou of peace and gladness ;  
Comfort Thou my sadness.

Father, hymns to Thee we raise,  
Here and soon in heaven ;  
And the Son and Spirit praise  
Who our bonds have riven :  
Evermore  
We adore  
Thee, Whose grace hath stirred us,  
And Whose pity heard us.

LENT

84

**B**LOT out our sins of old,  
When erst we went astray,  
When, Father, from Thy fold  
We wandered far away :  
O King of heaven,  
To Thee we cry,  
Ere yet we die,  
To be forgiven.

In this our hour of need,  
In hope we fly to Thee ;  
Sow in our hearts the seed  
Of bright eternity :  
O Lord, we pray,  
As morning dew  
Our strength renew  
From day to day.

O God, by day, by night,  
We lowly bend the knee ;  
Again at dawn of light,  
In deep humility,  
Our voices raise  
For sins forgiven,  
And hopes of heaven,  
In prayer and praise.

Blot out our sins gone by,  
Blot out our sins to-day,  
And others ere we die ;  
And give us, while we pray,  
Undying faith  
In Christ, to see  
The victory  
O'er sin and death.

## LENT

85

**R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy riven side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy Cross I cling :  
Naked come to Thee for dress ;  
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;  
Foul, I to the Fountain fly ;  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar through tracts unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgement throne,  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

## LENT

86

**W**HEN our heads are bowed with woe,  
When our bitter tears o'erflow,  
When we mourn the lost, the dear,  
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,  
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,  
Thou hast shed the human tear ;  
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

When the sullen death-bell tolls  
For our own departed souls ;  
When our final doom is near,  
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou hast bowed the dying head,  
Thou the blood of life hast shed,  
Thou hast filled a mortal bier ;  
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

When the heart is sad within  
With the sense of all its sin ;  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou the shame, the grief hast known,  
Though the sins were not Thine own ;  
Thou hast deigned their load to bear ;  
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

## LENT

87

WHY should I fear the darkest hour,  
Or tremble at the tempter's power ?  
Jesus vouchsafes to be my Tower.

Though hot the fight, why quit the field ?  
Why must I either fly or yield,  
Since Jesus is my mighty Shield ?

I know not what may soon betide,  
Or how my wants shall be supplied ;  
But Jesus knows, and will provide.

Though sin would fill me with distress,  
The throne of grace I dare address,  
For Jesus is my Righteousness.

Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,  
My steadfast hope shall not remove,  
While Jesus intercedes above.

Against me earth and hell combine ;  
But on my side is power divine ;  
Jesus is All, and He is mine.



## LENT

88

**I**N the hour of my distress,  
When temptations me oppress,  
And when I my sins confess,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie upon my bed  
Sick in heart and sick in head,  
And with doubts discomfited,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,  
And the world is drowned in sleep,  
While mine eyes their night-watch keep,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the Judgement is revealed,  
And the book of doom unsealed,  
When to Thee I have appealed,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

## LENT

89

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,  
And days are dark, and friends are few,  
On Him I lean who not in vain  
Experienced every human pain ;  
He sees my wants, allays my fears,  
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
To flee the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do,  
Still He, who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And sore dismayed my spirit dies,  
Yet He, who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend  
Which covers all that was a friend,  
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while ;  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And oh ! when I have safely passed  
Through every conflict but the last,  
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside  
My dying bed, for Thou hast died ;  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

# LENT

90

ART thou weary, art thou laden ?  
Art thou sore distrest ?

‘ Come to me,’ saith One, ‘ and coming  
Be at rest.’

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
If He be my Guide ?

‘ In His feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And His side.’

Is there diadem, as monarch,  
That His brow adorns ?

‘ Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
But of thorns.’

If I find Him, if I follow,  
What His guerdon here ?

‘ Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
Many a tear.’

If I still hold closely to Him,  
What hath He at last ?

‘ Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,  
Jordan past.’

If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay ?

‘ Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away.’

91

JESUS, Lord of Life and Glory,  
Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear ;  
While our waiting souls adore Thee,  
Friend of helpless sinners, hear :

By Thy mercy,  
Oh ! deliver us, good Lord !

## LENT

From the depths of nature's blindness,  
From the hardening power of sin,  
From all malice and unkindness,  
From the pride that lurks within,  
By Thy mercy,  
Oh ! deliver us, good Lord !

When temptation sorely presses  
In the day of Satan's power,  
In our time of deep distresses,  
In each dark and trying hour,  
By Thy mercy,  
Oh ! deliver us, good Lord !

When the world around is smiling,  
In the time of wealth and ease,  
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,  
In the day of health and peace,  
By Thy mercy,  
Oh ! deliver us, good Lord !

In the weary hours of sickness,  
In the time of grief and pain,  
When we feel our mortal weakness,  
When the creature's help is vain,  
By Thy mercy,  
Oh ! deliver us, good Lord !

In the solemn hour of dying,  
In the awful judgement day,  
May our souls, on Thee relying,  
Find Thee still our Hope and Stay ;  
By Thy mercy,  
Oh ! deliver us, good Lord !

## HOLY WEEK

92

RIDE on ! ride on in majesty !  
Hark ! all the tribes Hosanna cry ;  
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,  
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
In lowly pomp ride on to die !  
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
The wingèd squadrons of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering eyes  
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh ;  
The Father on His sapphire throne  
Expects His own Anointed Son.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !  
In lowly pomp ride on to die !  
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,  
Then take, O God, Thy power and reign.

## HOLY WEEK

93

ALL glory, laud, and honour  
To Thee, Redeemer, King,  
To whom the lips of children  
Made sweet Hosannas ring.  
Thou art the King of Israel,  
Thou David's royal Son,  
Who in the Lord's Name comest,  
The King and Blessèd One.  
All glory, &c.

The company of angels  
Are praising Thee on high,  
And mortal men and all things  
Created make reply.  
The people of the Hebrews  
With palms before Thee went ;  
Our praise and prayer and anthems  
Before Thee we present.  
All glory, &c.

To Thee before Thy Passion  
They sang their hymns of praise ;  
To Thee now high exalted  
Our melody we raise.  
Thou didst accept their praises,  
Accept the prayers we bring,  
Who in all good delightest,  
Thou good and gracious King.  
All glory, &c.

## HOLY WEEK

94

STABAT Mater dolorosa,  
Juxta crucem lacrimosa,  
Dum pendebat Filius.  
Cujus animam gementem,  
Contristatam, et dolentem,  
Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta  
Fuit illa benedicta

Mater Unigeniti !  
Quae maerebat, et dolebat,  
Pia Mater dum videbat  
Nati poenas inclyti.

Quis est homo qui non fleret  
Matrem Christi si videret  
In tanto supplicio ?  
Quis non posset contristari,  
Christi Matrem contemplari  
Dolentem cum Filio ?

Pro peccatis suae gentis  
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,  
Et flagellis subditum ;  
Vidit suum dulcem natum  
Moriendo desolatum,  
Dum emisit spiritum.

Eia ! Mater, fons amoris,  
Me sentire vim doloris  
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.  
Fac ut ardeat cor meum  
In amando Christum Deum,  
Ut sibi complaceam.

## HOLY WEEK

95

**A**T the Cross her station keeping  
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,  
Where He hung, the dying Lord ;  
For her soul of joy bereavèd,  
Bowed with anguish, deeply grievèd,  
Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

Oh ! how sad and sore distressèd  
Now was she, that Mother blessèd  
Of the sole-begotten One ;  
Deep the woe of her affliction,  
When she saw the Crucifixion  
Of her ever-glorious Son.

Who, on Christ's dear Mother gazing  
Pierced by anguish so amazing,  
Born of woman, would not weep ?  
Who, on Christ's dear Mother thinking  
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,  
Would not share her sorrows deep ?

For His people's sins chastisèd,  
She beheld her Son despisèd,  
Scourged, and crowned with thorns entwined ;  
Saw Him then from judgement taken,  
And in death by all forsaken,  
Till His Spirit He resigned.

Jesu, may her deep devotion  
Stir in me the same emotion,  
Fount of love, Redeemer kind,  
That my heart fresh ardour gaining,  
And a purer love attaining,  
*May with Thee acceptance find.*



## HOLY WEEK

96

GO to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the Tempter's power ;  
Your Redeemer's conflict see,  
Watch with Him one bitter hour :  
Turn not from His griefs away ;  
Learn of Him to watch and pray.

See Him at the judgment-hall,  
Beaten, bound, reviled, arraigned :  
See Him meekly bearing all ;  
Love to man His soul sustained :  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss ;  
Learn of Christ to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain view ;  
There the Lord of Glory see,  
Made a sacrifice for you,  
Dying on the accursèd tree :  
' It is finished,' hear Him cry ;  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

## HOLY WEEK

97

THE night of agony hath passed ;  
The day of doom hath dawned at last :  
With fainting steps His Cross He bears ;  
Foul taunts and curses meet His ears :  
The Lord of Life is crucified ;  
A felon hangs on either side :  
The people stand beholding.

The powers of darkness do their worst,  
The nail, the thorn, the torturing thirst :  
Black tempests o'er His spirit break,  
'My God, My God, dost Thou forsake ?'  
'Tis finished !' Lo ! He bows His head ;  
The Saviour of mankind is dead :  
The people stand beholding.

## HOLY WEEK

98

O SACRED Head, surrounded  
By crown of piercing thorn !  
O bleeding Head, so wounded,  
Reviled, and put to scorn !  
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,  
The glow of life decays ;  
Yet angel-hosts adore Thee,  
And tremble as they gaze.

I see Thy strength and vigour  
All fading in the strife,  
And death with cruel rigour  
Bereaving Thee of life :  
O agony and dying !  
O love to sinners free !  
Jesu ! all grace supplying,  
Oh ! turn Thy face on me !

In this Thy bitter Passion,  
Good Shepherd, think of me  
With Thy most sweet compassion,  
Unworthy though I be :  
Beneath Thy Cross abiding  
For ever would I rest,  
In Thy dear love confiding,  
And with Thy presence blest.

## HOLY WEEK

99

SON of Man, to Thee we cry ;  
By the holy mystery  
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,  
By Thy pure and holy birth,  
Lord, Thy presence let us see,  
Thou our Light and Saviour be !

Lamb of God, to Thee we cry ;  
By Thy bitter Agony,  
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,  
By Thy spirit's parting groan,  
Lord, Thy presence let us see,  
Thou our Light and Saviour be !

Prince of Life, to Thee we cry ;  
By Thy glorious majesty,  
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,  
By Thy power to help and save,  
Lord, Thy presence let us see,  
Thou our Light and Saviour be !

Lord of Glory, God Most High,  
Man exalted to the sky,  
With Thy love our bosom fill,  
Help us to perform Thy will ;  
Then Thy glory we shall see,  
'Thou wilt bring us home to 'Thee.

## HOLY WEEK

100

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast  
Save in the Cross of Christ my God !  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingling down ;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small :  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## HOLY WEEK

IOI

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins ;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day ;  
And there may I, as vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed Church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming Love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing Thy power to save ;  
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

## HOLY WEEK

102

WE sing the praise of Him Who died,  
Of Him Who died upon the Cross ;  
The sinner's hope let men deride,  
For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the Cross we see  
In shining letters ' God is Love ' ;  
He bears our sins upon the Tree,  
He brings us mercy from above.

The Cross—it takes our guilt away,  
It holds the fainting spirit up,  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens every bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,  
And nerves the feeble arm for fight ;  
It takes its terrors from the grave,  
And gilds the bed of death with light.

To Christ, Who won for sinners grace  
By bitter grief and anguish sore,  
Be praise from all the ransomed race  
For ever and for evermore !

## HOLY WEEK

103

‘TAKE up thy cross,’ the Saviour said,  
‘If thou wouldst My disciple be ;  
Deny thyself, the world forsake,  
And humbly follow after Me.’

Take up thy cross ; let not its weight  
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm  
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,  
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,  
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel :  
The Lord for thee the Cross endured,  
To save thy soul from death and hell.

Take up thy cross in His dear might,  
And calmly every danger brave ;  
’Twill guide thee to a better home,  
And lead to victory o’er the grave.

Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,  
Nor think till death to lay it down ;  
For only he who bears the cross  
May hope to wear the glorious crown.



## HOLY WEEK

104

THERE is a green hill far away,  
Without a city wall,  
Where the dear Lord was crucified,  
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell  
What pains He had to bear,  
But we believe it was for us  
He hung and suffered there.

He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to heaven,  
Saved by His precious blood.

There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin,  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heaven, and let us in.

Oh ! dearly, dearly has He loved,  
And we must love Him too,  
And trust in His redeeming blood,  
And try His works to do.

## HOLY WEEK

105

O COME and mourn with me awhile ;  
O come ye to the Saviour's side ;  
O come, together let us mourn ;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for Him,  
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?  
Ah ! look how patiently He hangs ;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

How fast His hands and feet are nailed ;  
His throat with parching thirst is dried ;  
His failing eyes are dimmed with blood ;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

Seven times He spake, seven words of love ;  
And all three hours His silence cried  
For mercy on the souls of men ;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears,  
Ask, and they will not be denied ;  
Lord Jesus, may we love and weep,  
Since Thou for us art crucified.

## HOLY WEEK

106

**B**Y Jesus' grave on either hand,  
While night is brooding o'er the land,  
The sad and silent mourners stand.

At last the weary life is o'er,  
The agony and conflict sore,  
Of Him Who all our sufferings bore.

Deep in the rock's sepulchral shade  
The Lord, by Whom the worlds were made,  
The Saviour of mankind is laid.

O hearts bereaved and sore distress,  
Here is for you a place of rest ;  
Here leave your griefs on Jesus' breast.

So when the Dayspring from on high  
Shall chase the night and fill the sky,  
Then shall the Lord again draw nigh.

## EASTER

107

**J**ESUS Christ is risen to-day,  
Our triumphant holy day ;  
Who did once upon the Cross  
Suffer to redeem our loss.

Alleluia !  
Alleluia !  
Alleluia !  
Alleluia !

Hymns of praise then let us sing  
Unto Christ our Heavenly King,  
Who endured the Cross and grave,  
*Sinners* to redeem and save.

Alleluia !  
Alleluia !  
Alleluia !  
Alleluia !

## EASTER

But the pains which He endured	Alleluia !
Our salvation have procured :	Alleluia !
Now above the sky He 's King,	Alleluia !
Where the angels ever sing.	Alleluia !

108

**J**ESUS lives ! thy terrors now  
Can no longer, death, appal us ;  
Jesus lives ! by this we know  
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.  
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! henceforth is death  
But the gate of life immortal :  
This shall calm our trembling breath  
When we pass its gloomy portal.  
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! for us He died ;  
Then, alone to Jesus living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Glory to our Saviour giving.  
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! our hearts know well  
Nought from us His love shall sever ;  
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell  
Tear us from His keeping ever.  
Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! to Him the throne  
Over all the world is given :  
May we go where He is gone,  
Rest and reign with Him in heaven !  
Alleluia !

## EASTER

109

ALLELUIA !

Finita jam sunt proelia,

Est parta jam victoria.

Gaudeamus et canamus

Alleluia !

Post fata mortis barbara

Devicit Jesus Tartara.

Applaudamus et psallamus

Alleluia !

Surrexit die tertia

Caelesti clarus gratia.

Insonemus et cantemus

Alleluia !

Sunt clausa Stygis ostia,

Et caeli patent atria.

Gaudeamus et canamus

Alleluia !

O coronate gloria,

Tua nos morte libera,

Ut vivamus et canamus

Alleluia !

!

## EASTER

110

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

THE strife is o'er, the battle done,  
The triumph of the Lord is won ;  
Oh ! let the song of praise be sung.  
Alleluia !

The powers of death have done their worst,  
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed ;  
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.  
Alleluia !

On that third morn He rose again  
In glorious majesty to reign ;  
O let us swell the joyful strain.  
Alleluia !

He closed the yawning gates of hell ;  
The bars from heaven's high portals fell ;  
Let songs of joy His triumphs tell.  
Alleluia !

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,  
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,  
That we may live, and sing to Thee !  
Alleluia !

## EASTER

### III

ALLELUIA ! Alleluia !

Hearts to heaven and voices raise ;  
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,  
Sing to God a hymn of praise ;  
He, Who on the Cross a Victim,  
For the world's salvation bled,  
Jesus Christ, the King of glory,  
Now is risen from the dead.

Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits  
Of the holy harvest field,  
Which will all its full abundance  
At His second coming yield ;  
Then the golden ears of harvest  
Will their heads before Him wave,  
Ripened by His glorious sunshine,  
From the furrows of the grave.

Christ is risen, we are risen ;  
Shed upon us heavenly grace,  
Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory  
From the brightness of Thy face ;  
'That we, with our hearts in heaven,  
Here on earth may fruitful be,  
And by angel-hands be gathered,  
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !

Glory be to God on high ;  
Alleluia to the Saviour,  
Who has gained the victory ;  
Alleluia to the Spirit,  
Fount of love and sanctity ;  
Alleluia ! Alleluia !

*To the Triune Majesty.*

## EASTER

112

THE Head that once was crowned with thorns  
Is crowned with glory now ;  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords  
Is His, is His by right,  
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
And heaven's Eternal Light ;

The Joy of all who dwell above,  
The Joy of all below,  
To whom He manifests His love,  
And grants His Name to know.

To them the Cross, with all its shame,  
With all its grace, is given :  
Their name an everlasting name,  
Their joy the joy of heaven.

They suffer with their Lord below,  
They reign with Him above ;  
Their profit and their joy to know  
The mystery of His love.



## EASTER

113

LIFT up, lift up your voices now,  
The whole wide world rejoices now ;  
The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,  
The Lord shall reign victoriously.

In vain with stone the cave they barred,  
In vain the watch kept ward and guard :  
Majestic from the spoiled tomb  
In pomp of triumph Christ is come.

He binds in chains the ancient foe,  
A countless host He frees from woe ;  
And heaven's high portal open flies,  
For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.

And all He did, and all He bare,  
He gives us as our own to share ;  
And hope and joy and peace begin,  
For Christ has won, and man shall win.

O Victor, aid us in the fight,  
And lead through death to realms of light ;  
We safely pass where Thou hast trod,  
In Thee we die, to rise to God.

## EASTER

114

WHEN two friends on Easter-Day  
To Emmaus bent their way,  
On that Paschal eventide  
Christ was walking at their side.  
Then their hearts within them glowed  
When Himself to them He showed  
In the Scriptures as a King  
Glorified by suffering.

So Thy presence, Lord, we feel  
When we at Thy Table kneel ;  
When we feed upon Thee there,  
We too at Emmaus are,  
Then our eyes are openèd  
In the breaking of the bread ;  
Faith Thee ever present sees  
In Thy holy mysteries.

Though not kenned by carnal eye,  
Yet we know Thee ever nigh ;  
Though Thou art much further gone,  
Even to Thy heavenly throne,  
Yet we, Lord, behold Thy face  
Ever in Thy means of grace ;  
There Thou walkest by our side,  
There Thou with us dost abide.

## ROGATION DAYS

115

O GOD, by Whom the seed is given,  
By Whom the harvest blest ;  
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,  
Is planted in our breast ;

Preserve it from the passing feet,  
And plunderers of the air,  
The sultry sun's intenser heat,  
And weeds of worldly care.

Though buried deep, or thinly strown,  
Do Thou Thy grace supply :  
The hope in earthly furrows sown  
Shall ripen in the sky.

## ASCENSIONTIDE

116

HAIL the day that sees Him rise, Alleluia !  
Glorious, from our wondering eyes !

Christ, awhile to mortals given, Alleluia !  
Enters now the highest heaven. Alleluia !

There the glorious triumph waits ; Alleluia !  
Lift your heads, eternal gates : Alleluia !  
Victor over death and sin, Alleluia !  
Comes the King of glory in. Alleluia !

## ASCENSIONTIDE

Lo ! the heaven its Lord receives ;	Alleluia !
Yet He loves the earth He leaves :	Alleluia !
Though returning to His throne,	Alleluia !
Still He calls mankind His own.	Alleluia !

117

THE eternal gates lift up their heads,  
The doors are opened wide ;  
The King of glory is gone up  
Unto His Father's side.

Thou art gone in before us, Lord,  
Thou hast prepared a place,  
That we may be where now Thou art,  
And look upon Thy face.

And ever on our earthly path  
A gleam of glory lies ;  
A light still breaks behind the cloud  
That veils Thee from our eyes.

Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,  
And let Thy grace be given,  
That, while we linger yet below,  
Our treasure be in heaven :

That, where Thou art at God's right hand,  
Our hope, our love, may be ;  
Dwell in us now, that we may dwell  
For evermore in Thee.

## ASCENSIONTIDE

118

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,  
The house of God not made with hands,  
A great High Priest our nature wears,  
Jesus, the Son of Man, appears.

He, Who for men their surety stood,  
And poured on earth His precious blood,  
Now high exalted for us pleads,  
And with His Father intercedes.

He knows—for He hath borne the same—  
The wants and frailty of our frame ;  
And, though ascended up on high,  
Still bends on earth a pitying eye.

Saviour, with boldness to Thy throne  
We come to make our sorrows known ;  
For mercy and for grace we plead,  
To help us in the hour of need.

119

CROWN Him with crowns of gold,  
All nations great and small ;  
Crown Him, ye martyred saints of old,  
The Lamb once slain for all :  
The Lamb once slain for them  
Who bring their praises now,  
As jewels in the diadem  
That girds His sacred brow.

## ASCENSIONTIDE

Crown Him the Son of God  
Before the worlds began ;  
And ye, who tread where He hath trod,  
Crown Him the Son of Man :  
Who every grief hath known  
That wrings the human breast,  
And takes and bears them for His own,  
That all in Him may rest.

Crown Him the Lord of Light,  
Who, on a darkened world,  
In robes of glory infinite,  
His fiery flag unfurled ;  
And bore it raised on high,  
In heaven, on earth, beneath,  
To all the sign of victory  
O'er Satan, sin, and death.

Crown Him the Lord of Life,  
Who triumphed o'er the grave,  
And rose victorious in the strife  
For those He came to save.  
His glories now we sing,  
Who died and rose on high,  
Who died, eternal life to bring,  
And lives, that death may die.

## ASCENSIONTIDE

120

HE is gone—beyond the skies,  
A cloud receives Him from our eyes ;  
Gone beyond the highest height  
Of mortal gaze or angels' flight ;  
Through the veil of time and space  
Passed into the holiest place ;  
All the toil, the sorrow done,  
All the battle fought and won.

He is gone—and we remain  
In this world of sin and pain ;  
In the void which He has left,  
On this earth of Him bereft,  
We have still His work to do,  
We can still His path pursue,  
Seek Him both in friend and foe,  
In ourselves His image show.

He is gone—we heard Him say,  
' Good that I should go away.'  
Gone is that dear form and face,  
But not gone His present grace ;  
Though Himself no more we see,  
Comfortless we cannot be :  
No ! His Spirit still is ours,  
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

## ASCENSIONTIDE

He is gone—towards their goal  
World and Church must onward roll ;  
Far behind we leave the past,  
Forwards are our glances cast :  
Still His words before us range  
Through the ages, as they change :  
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,  
He will give whate'er we need.

He is gone—but we once more  
Shall behold Him as before ;  
In the heaven of heavens the same  
As on earth He went and came.  
In the many mansions there  
Place for us will He prepare :  
In that world, unseen, unknown,  
He and we may yet be one.

He is gone—but, not in vain,  
Wait, until He comes again ;  
He is risen, He is not here,  
Far above this earthly sphere :  
Evermore in heart and mind,  
Where our peace in Him we find,  
To our own Eternal Friend  
Thitherward let us ascend.



## ASCENSIONTIDE

121

WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come  
To this poor world of sin and death,  
Nor e'er beheld Thy cottage-home  
In that despisèd Nazareth ;  
But we believe Thy footsteps trod  
Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God.

We did not see Thee lifted high  
Amid that wild and savage crew,  
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry,  
' Forgive, they know not what they do ; '  
Yet we believe the deed was done,  
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

We stood not by the empty tomb  
Where late Thy sacred body lay,  
Nor sat within that upper room,  
Nor met Thee in the open way ;  
But we believe that angels said,  
' Why seek the living with the dead ? '

We did not mark the chosen few  
When Thou didst through the clouds ascend,  
First lift to heaven their wondering view,  
Then to the earth all prostrate bend ;  
Yet we believe that mortal eyes  
Beheld that journey to the skies.

## WHITSUNTIDE

I 22

OUR Blest Redeemer, ere He breathed  
His tender, last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed  
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing Guest,  
While He can find one humble heart,  
Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,  
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,  
And every conquest won,  
And every thought of holiness  
Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness pitying see :  
Oh ! make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
And worthier Thee.

Oh ! praise the Father ; praise the Son ;  
Blest Spirit, praise to Thee !  
All praise to God, the Three in One,  
The One in Three !

## WHITSUNTIDE

123

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire :  
Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart ;  
Thy blessèd unction from above  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable with perpetual light  
The dullness of our blinded sight ;  
Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
With the abundance of Thy grace :  
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;  
Where Thou art Guide no ill can come.

Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And Thee, of both, to be but One ;  
That through the ages all along  
This may be our endless song :  
Praise to Thy eternal merit,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit !

## WHITSUNTIDE

124

**V**ENI, Sancte Spiritus,  
Et emitte caelitus  
Lucis Tuae radium.

Veni, Pater pauperum,  
Veni, Dator munerum,  
Veni, Lumen cordium ;

Consolator optime,  
Dulcis Hospes animae,  
Dulce Refrigerium :

In labore Requies,  
In aestu Temperies,  
In fletu Solatium.

O Lux beatissima,  
Reple cordis intima  
Tuorum fidelium.

Sine Tuo numine  
Nihil est in homine,  
Nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum,  
Riga quod est aridum,  
Sana quod est saucium :

Flecte quod est rigidum,  
Fove quod est frigidum,  
Rege quod est devium.

Da Tuis fidelibus  
In Te confidentibus  
Sacrum Septenarium ;

Da virtutis meritum,  
Da salutis exitum,  
Da perenne gaudium.

## WHITSUNTIDE

125

WHEN God of old came down from heaven  
In power and wrath He came ;  
Before His feet the clouds were riven,  
Half darkness and half flame.

But when He came the second time,  
He came in power and love ;  
Softer than gale at morning prime  
Hovered His holy Dove.

The fires that rushed on Sinai down  
In sudden torrents dread,  
Now gently light, a glorious crown,  
On every sainted head.

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear  
The voice exceeding loud,  
The trump, that angels quake to hear,  
Thrilled from the deep dark cloud ;

So, when the Spirit of our God  
Came down His flock to find,  
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,  
A rushing, mighty wind.

It fills the Church of God, It fills  
The sinful world around ;  
Only in stubborn hearts and wills  
No place for It is found.

Come, Lord, come, Wisdom, Love, and Power,  
Open our ears to hear ;  
Let us not miss the accepted hour ;  
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

## WHITSUNTIDE

126

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above ;  
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide ;  
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,  
And make us know and choose Thy way ;  
Plant holy fear in every heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to holiness—the road  
That we must take to dwell with God ;  
Lead us to Christ, the living Way,  
Nor let us from His precepts stray.

Lead us to God, our final Rest,  
To be with Him for ever blest ;  
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,  
Fulness of joy for ever there.

## WHITSUNTIDE

127

WE thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth,  
The glittering sky, the silver sea,  
For all their beauty, all their worth,  
Their light and glory, come from Thee.

Thanks for the flowers that clothe the ground,  
The trees that wave their arms above,  
The hills that gird our dwellings round,  
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.

Yet teach us still how far more fair,  
More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,  
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,  
One heart that holds Thy Spirit's might.

So while we gaze, with thoughtful eye,  
On all the gifts Thy love has given,  
Help us in Thee to live and die,  
By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.

## TRINITY SUNDAY

128

**H**OLY, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty !  
Early in the morning our song shall rise to  
Thee ;

Holy, Holy, Holy ! Merciful and Mighty !  
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity !

Holy, Holy, Holy ! all the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the  
glassy sea ;

Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before  
Thee,

Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy ! though the darkness hide  
Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not  
see,

Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee,  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy ! Lord God Almighty !  
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth  
and sky and sea ;

Holy, Holy, Holy ! Merciful and Mighty !  
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity !



## TRINITY SUNDAY

129

**B**RIGHT the vision that delighted  
Once the sight of Judah's seer ;  
Sweet the countless tongues united  
To entrance the prophet's ear.

Round the Lord in glory seated  
Cherubim and Seraphim  
Filled His temple, and repeated  
Each to each the alternate hymn :

' Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with its fullness stored ;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord ! '

Heaven is still with glory ringing ;  
Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
' Holy, Holy, Holy ! ' singing,  
' Lord of Hosts, the Lord Most High ! '

With His Seraph train before Him,  
With His holy Church below,  
Thus conspire we to adore Him,  
Bid we thus our anthems flow :

' Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with its fullness stored ;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord ! '

## TRINITY SUNDAY

130

FATHER of heaven, Whose love profound  
A ransom for our souls hath found,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;  
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,  
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;  
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath  
The soul is raised from sin and death,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;  
To us Thy quickening power extend.

Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,  
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;  
Grace, pardon, life to us extend.

## TRINITY SUNDAY

131

THREE in One, and One in Three,  
Ruler of the earth and sea,  
Hear us, while we lift to Thee  
Holy chant and psalm.

Light of lights, with morning shine ;  
Lift on us Thy light divine ;  
And let charity benign  
Breathe on us her balm.

Light of lights, when falls the even,  
Let it close on sin forgiven ;  
Fold us in the peace of heaven,  
Shed a holy calm.

Three in One, and One in Three,  
Dimly here we worship Thee ;  
With the saints hereafter we  
Hope to bear the palm.

## TRINITY SUNDAY

132

WHERE art Thou, Lord ? With anxious eye  
We pierce the vaulted night ;  
World after world we see, but Thou  
Art veiled from mortal sight.

Where art Thou, Lord ? The riven rock  
Its fossil store displays ;  
Age after age we track, but Thou  
Dost shun our lingering gaze.

Where art Thou, Lord ? The mind of man  
Each secret law unfolds ;  
On eagle wing Thy world surveys,  
Yet Thine, not Thee, beholds.

Where art Thou, Lord ? We wait Thy word ;  
Speak, and Thy presence prove :  
Yea, now we feel that Thou art near ;  
We know Thee when we love.

## TRINITY SUNDAY

133

**H**ARK ! the song of Jubilee,  
Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
Or the fullness of the sea  
When it breaks upon the shore.  
Alleluia ! for the Lord  
God Omnipotent shall reign ;  
Alleluia ! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.

Alleluia ! hark ! the sound  
From the centre to the skies  
Wakes above, beneath, around,  
All Creation's harmonies.  
See Jehovah's banners furled,  
Sheathed His sword ; He speaks, 'tis done ;  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the Kingdom of His Son.

He shall reign from pole to pole,  
With illimitable sway ;  
He shall reign, when like a scroll  
Yonder heavens have passed away.  
Then the end—beneath His rod  
Man's last enemy shall fall :  
Alleluia ! Christ in God,  
God in Christ, is all in all.

TRINITY SUNDAY

134

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us  
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;  
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,  
For we have no help but Thee ;  
Yet possessing  
Every blessing,  
If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us ;  
All our weakness Thou dost know :  
Thou didst tread this earth before us,  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe ;  
Lone and dreary,  
Faint and weary,  
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,  
Love with every passion blending,  
Pleasure that can never cloy :  
Thus provided,  
Pardoned, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy.

## SAINT ANDREW

135

JESUS calls us ; o'er the tumult  
Of our life's tempestuous sea,  
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,  
Saying, ' Christian, follow Me ! '

As of old Saint Andrew heard it  
By the Galilean lake,  
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred,  
Leaving all for His dear sake.

Jesus calls us, from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store,  
From each idol that would keep us,  
Saying, ' Christian, love Me more ! '

In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,  
Still He calls, ' midst cares and pleasures,  
' Christian, love Me more than these ! '

Jesus calls us ; by Thy mercies,  
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,  
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,  
Serve and love Thee best of all.

## SAINT THOMAS

136

O THOU, Who didst with love untold  
Thy doubting servant chide,  
Bidding the eye of sense behold  
Thy wounded hands and side ;

Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe  
To own Thee God and Lord,  
And from his hour of darkness draw  
Faith in the Incarnate Word.

And while that wondrous record now  
Of unbelief we hear,  
Teach us the lowlier, Lord, to bow  
In self-distrusting fear :

And grant that we may never dare  
Thy loving heart to grieve ;  
But, at the last, their blessing share  
Who see not, yet believe.



## CONVERSION OF SAINT PAUL

137

WHERE shall we find our mightiest saint,  
The chosen vessel of the Lord?  
The soul to dare and never faint,  
The arm to wield the conqueror's sword?

Where shall we find the shepherd meek,  
With heart aflame at tyrant wrong,  
Ever the weakest with the weak,  
And still the strongest with the strong?

We find him where we sought him not,  
Chief in the front of Jesus' foes ;  
There, where the battle rages hot,  
Loudest of all his trumpet blows.

Love-vanquished prisoner of the Cross !  
The love of Christ doth now constrain :  
For Christ he counts his glories loss,  
To live is Christ, to die is gain.

O'er land and sea to all mankind  
He bears the flag his Master bore,  
Forgetting still the things behind,  
And reaching forth to things before ;

No foe to fear, no toil to grudge,  
Self-pledged, till death shall strike him down,  
And He, the Lord, the righteous Judge,  
Grant to His saint the martyr crown.

PURIFICATION OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN

138

L ORD, to Thy holy temple  
Return, return again ;  
Come back, and fill with glory  
The hearts and ways of men :  
Not as a lowly Infant,  
Unnoticed and unknown,  
But in the royal splendour  
Of Thine eternal throne.  
O Thou, whom we delight in,  
The Messenger of love,  
Come to Thy temple quickly  
Back from Thy throne above :  
But who may bide Thy coming,  
Who hear Thy footstep's tread,  
Who stand when Thou appearest,  
Thou Judge of quick and dead?  
Thy Spirit send before Thee,  
Till every heart, restored  
By His new life, adore Thee,  
Their only God and Lord :  
And make our offerings pleasant  
As in the days of old,  
And as in former happy years  
Of which our fathers told.  
Come back, and fill Thy temple,  
Built up of human hearts,  
With that abiding presence  
Which never more departs :  
Come, where the prostrate nations  
Before Thy feet shall fall ;  
Come, with Thy holy angels,  
Come back the Lord of all.

## SAINT MATTHIAS

139

**L**ORD ! pour Thy Spirit from on high,  
And Thine ordainèd servants bless ;  
Graces and gifts to each supply,  
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

Within Thy temple when they stand  
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,  
Saviour, like stars in Thy right hand  
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

Wisdom and zeal and love impart,  
Firmness and meekness, from above,  
To bear Thy people on their heart,  
And love the souls whom Thou dost love.

To watch and pray, and never faint,  
By day and night their guard to keep,  
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,  
To feed Thy lambs and tend Thy sheep.

So, when their work is finished here,  
They may in hope their charge resign ;  
So, when their Master shall appear,  
They may with crowns of glory shine.

ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED  
VIRGIN MARY

140

SHALL we not love thee, Mother dear,  
Whom Jesus loves so well?  
And, to His glory, year by year,  
Thy joy and honour tell?

Bound with the curse of sin and shame  
We helpless sinners lay,  
Until in tender love He came  
To bear the curse away.

And thee He chose from whom to take  
True flesh His Flesh to be ;  
In It to suffer for our sake,  
By It to make us free.

O wondrous depth of grace divine  
That He should bend so low !  
And, Mary, oh ! what joy 'twas thine  
In His dear love to know !

Jesu, the Virgin's holy Son,  
We praise Thee and adore,  
Who art with God the Father One,  
And Spirit evermore.

## SAINT MARK THE EVANGELIST

141

○ THOU, Who didst at Pentecost  
Send down from heaven the Holy Ghost,  
That He might with Thy Church abide  
For ever, to defend and guide ;  
Illuminate Thy servants, Lord,  
The preachers of Thy holy word.

O may Thy pastors faithful be,  
Not labouring for themselves, but Thee :  
Give grace to feed with wholesome food  
Whom Thou hast purchased by Thy blood,  
Thy sheep and lambs, and thus to prove  
How dearly they the Shepherd love.

That which Thy holy Scriptures teach,  
That, and that only, may they preach ;  
May they the true foundation lay,  
Build gold thereon, not wood or hay ;  
And meekly preach, in days of strife,  
The sermon of a holy life.

## SAINT PHILIP AND SAINT JAMES

142

THOU art the Way ; by Thee alone  
From sin and death we flee ;  
And he who would the Father seek  
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth ; Thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart ;  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life ; the opening tomb  
Proclaims Thy conquering arm ;  
And those who put their trust in Thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life ;  
Grant us that way to know,  
That truth to keep, that life to win  
Whence joys eternal flow.

## SAINT BARNABAS

143

○ SON of God, our Captain of salvation,  
Thyself by suffering schooled to human  
grief,

We bless Thee for Thy sons of consolation,  
Who follow in the steps of Thee their Chief ;

Those whom Thy Spirit's dread vocation severs  
To lead the vanguard of Thy conquering host ;  
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavours  
To bear Thy saving Name from coast to coast ;

Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow  
stronger,  
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,  
Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,  
And wins the sundered to be one again ;

And all true helpers, patient, kind, and skilful,  
Who shed Thy light across our darkened earth,  
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the wilful,  
Soothe' the sick bed, and share the children's  
mirth.

Thus, Lord, Thy Barnabas in memory keeping,  
Still be Thy Church's watchword, ' Comfort  
ye ; '

Till in our Father's house shall end our weeping,  
And all our wants be satisfied in Thee.

SAINT JOHN BAPTIST

144

LO! from the desert homes,  
Where he hath hid so long,  
The new Elias comes,  
In sternest wisdom strong ;  
The voice that cries  
Of Christ from high,  
And judgement nigh  
From opening skies.

Your God e'en now doth stand  
At heaven's opening door ;  
His fan is in His hand,  
And He will purge His floor :  
The wheat He claims,  
And with Him stows ;  
The chaff He throws  
To quenchless flames.

Ye haughty mountains, bow  
Your sky-aspiring heads ;  
Ye valleys, hiding low,  
Lift up your gentle meads :  
Make His way plain .  
Your king before,  
For evermore  
He comes to reign.

May Thy dread voice around,  
Thou harbinger of light,  
On our dull ears still sound,  
Lest here we sleep in night,  
Till judgment come,  
And on our path  
Shall burst the wrath,  
And deathless doom !



## SAINT PETER

145

O ROCK of ages, one Foundation,  
On which the living Church doth rest,  
The Church, whose walls are strong salvation,  
Whose gates are praise, Thy Name be blest.

Son of the living God, O call us  
Once and again to follow Thee ;  
And give us strength, whate'er befall us,  
Thy true disciples still to be.

When fears appal and faith is failing,  
Make Thy voice heard o'er wind and wave :  
And, in Thy perfect love prevailing,  
Put forth Thine hand to heal and save.

And if our coward hearts deny Thee  
In inmost thought, in deed, or word,  
Let not our hardness still defy Thee,  
But with a look subdue us, Lord.

O strengthen Thou our weak endeavour,  
Thee in Thy sheep to serve and tend,  
To give ourselves to Thee for ever,  
And find Thee with us to the end.

SAINT PETER

146

‘LOVEST thou Me?’ the risen Saviour cried.  
‘Lovest thou Me Mine other friends above?’  
‘I love Thee, Lord;’ the humbled saint replied,  
‘Thou knowest all, Thou knowest that I love.’

Can this be he who thrice his Lord disowned?  
Shall he, thrice pardoned, feed his Master’s  
sheep?

O generous trust! O frailty well atoned  
By years of love and toils that never sleep!

Thou, Who the bruised reed didst never break,  
Thou, Who the contrite heart wilt not despise,  
Who from the sheepfold dost Thy monarchs take  
And show’st to babes lore hidden from the wise,

We bless Thee, Lord, that, having marked each fall,  
Each trip, each stumble, when our path was  
steep,

Thou scorn’st us not, but gently, knowing all,  
The sin, the sorrow, biddest, ‘Feed My sheep.’

Lord of my life, King, Master, Brother, Friend,  
Forgotten oft, and oft, though seen, denied,  
Yet patient still, and trustful to the end,  
And watching at Thy wayward servant’s side,

Grant, when at length Thou makest all things new,  
And truant fancy may no longer rove,  
This heart shall cry, and Thou shalt own it true,  
‘Thou knowest all, Thou knowest that I love.’

SAINT JAMES AND SAINT JOHN

147

LORD, who shall sit beside Thee,  
Enthroned on either hand,  
When clouds no longer hide Thee,  
'Mid all Thy faithful band?

Who drinks the cup of sorrow  
Thy Father gave to Thee  
'Neath shadows of the morrow  
In dark Gethsemane :

Who on Thy Passion thinking  
Can find in loss a gain,  
And dare to meet unshrinking  
Thy baptism of pain.

O Jesu, form within us  
Thy likeness clear and true  
By Thine example win us  
To suffer or to do.

This law itself fulfilleth,  
Christlike to Christ is nigh,  
And, where the Father willeth,  
Shall sit with Christ on high.

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW

148

KING of saints, to Whom the number  
Of Thy starry host is known,  
Many a name, by man forgotten,  
Lives for ever round Thy throne ;

Lights, which earth-born mists have darkened,  
There are shining full and clear,  
Princes in the court of heaven,  
Nameless, unremembered here.

How they toiled for Thee and suffered,  
None on earth can now record ;  
All their saintly life is hidden  
In the knowledge of their Lord.

All is veiled from us, but written  
In the Lamb's great book of life,  
All the faith, and prayer, and patience,  
All the toiling, and the strife ;

There are told Thy hidden treasures ;  
Number us, O Lord, with them,  
When Thou makest up the jewels  
Of Thy living diadem.

## SAINT MATTHEW

149

LORD, not for store of worldly wealth,  
Nor worldly fame, we pray,  
Nor worldly joys, which brightly bloom,  
And quickly fade away.

Not to the world, nor to ourselves,  
But to Thy holy eyes  
We look ; O give us godly fear,  
O make us meekly wise !

True wisdom, while it gives, receives ;  
By scattering gets increase ;  
And all her ways are pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

Honour and wealth are in her hand,  
True glory she bestows ;  
A holy stream of life and joy  
From her pure well-spring flows.

## SAINT MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS

150

AROUND the throne of God a band  
Of bright and glorious angels stand ;  
Bright things they see, sweet harps they hold,  
And on their heads are crowns of gold.

Some wait around Him, ready still  
To sing His praise and do His will ;  
And some, when He commands them, go  
To guard His servants here below.

Lord, give Thine angels every day  
Command to guide us on our way ;  
And bid them every evening keep  
Their watch around us while we sleep.

So shall no wicked thing draw near,  
To do us harm, or cause us fear ;  
And we shall dwell, when life is past,  
With angels round Thy throne at last.

## SAINT MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS

151

FATHER, before Thy throne of light  
The guardian angels bend,  
And ever in Thy presence bright  
Their psalms adoring blend ;  
And, casting down each golden crown  
Beside the crystal sea,  
With voice and lyre, in happy choir,  
Hymn glory, Lord, to Thee.

And as the rainbow lustre falls  
Athwart their glowing wings,  
While Seraph unto Seraph calls,  
And each Thy goodness sings ;  
So may we feel, as low we kneel  
To pray Thee for Thy grace,  
That Thou art here for all who fear  
The brightness of Thy face.

Here, where the angels see us come  
To worship day by day,  
Teach us to seek our heavenly home,  
And love Thee e'en as they ;  
Teach us to raise our notes of praise,  
With them Thy love to own,  
That boyhood's time and manhood's prime  
Be Thine and Thine alone.

## SAINT MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS

152

**H**ARK ! hark my soul ! angelic songs are swelling

O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore :

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
Of that new life when sin shall be no more !

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come.'

And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
'The music of the Gospel leads us home.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea ;

And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,  
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !

Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,  
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;

Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,  
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !

Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,

Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;

Till *morning's* joy shall end the night of weeping.

And *life's* long shadows break in cloudless love.

Angels of Jesus, angels of light,  
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night !



## SAINT LUKE

153

WHAT thanks and praise to Thee we owe,  
O Priest and Sacrifice Divine,  
For Thy dear saint through whom we know  
So many a gracious word of Thine !  
Whom Thou didst choose to tell the tale  
Of all Thy manhood's toils and tears,  
And for a moment lift the veil  
That hides Thy boyhood's spotless years.  
How many a soul with guilt oppressed  
Has learned to hear the joyful sound  
In that sweet tale of sin confessed,  
The father's love, the lost and found !  
How many a child of sin and shame  
Has refuge found from guilty fears  
Through her, who to the Saviour came  
With costly ointment and with tears !  
The witness of the Saviour's life,  
The great Apostle's chosen friend  
Through weary years of toil and strife,  
And still found faithful to the end !

## SAINT SIMON AND SAINT JUDE

154

THE Church's one Foundation  
Is Jesus Christ her Lord ;  
She is His new creation  
By water and the word :  
From heaven He came and sought her  
To be His holy bride ;  
With His own blood He bought her,  
And for her life He died.

## SAINT SIMON AND SAINT JUDE

Elect from every nation,  
Yet one o'er all the earth,  
Her charter of salvation  
One Lord, one faith, one birth,  
One holy Name she blesses,  
Partakes one holy Food,  
And to one hope she presses  
With every grace endued.

'Mid toil, and tribulation,  
And tumult of her war,  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace for evermore ;  
Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great Church victorious  
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union  
With God the Three in One,  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won :  
O happy ones and holy !  
Lord, give us grace that we  
Like them, the meek and lowly,  
On high may dwell with Thee.

## ALL SAINTS

155

LET saints on earth in concert sing  
With those to glory gone,  
For all the servants of our King,  
In earth and heaven are one.

One family, we dwell in Him,  
One Church, above, beneath ;  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow ;  
Part of His host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.

Lord Jesus, be our constant Guide,  
Then when the word is given,  
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,  
And land us safe in heaven.

## ALL SAINTS

156

WHO are these, like stars appearing,  
These, before God's throne who stand?  
Each a golden crown is wearing;  
Who are all this glorious band?  
Alleluia! hark, they sing,  
Praising loud their Heavenly King!

Who are these in dazzling brightness,  
Clothed in God's own righteousness;  
These, whose robes of purest whiteness  
Shall their lustre still possess,  
Still untouched by time's rude hand?  
Whence come all this glorious band?

These are they who have contended  
For their Saviour's honour long,  
Wrestling on till life was ended,  
Following not the sinful throng:  
These, who well the fight sustained,  
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.

These are they whose hearts were riven,  
Oft with woe and anguish tried,  
Who in prayer full oft have striven  
With the God they glorified:  
Now, their painful conflict o'er,  
God has bid them weep no more.

## ALL SAINTS

157

FOR all Thy saints, O Lord,  
Who strove in Thee to live,  
Who followed Thee, obeyed, adored,  
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all Thy saints, O Lord,  
Accept our thankful cry,  
Who counted Thee their great reward,  
And strove in Thee to die.

They all, in life and death,  
With Thee, their Lord, in view,  
Learned by Thy Holy Spirit's breath  
To suffer and to do.

For this Thy Name we bless,  
And humbly pray that we  
May follow them in holiness,  
And live and die in Thee.

## ALL SAINTS

158

THE Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain :  
His blood-red banner streams afar ;  
Who follows in His train ?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain,  
Who patient bears his cross below,  
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave ;  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong :  
Who follows in his train ?

A noble army, men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,  
Through peril, toil, and pain ;  
O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train !

ALL SAINTS

159

THERE is a blessèd home  
Beyond this land of woe,  
Where trials never come,  
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;  
Where faith is lost in sight,  
And patient hope is crowned,  
And everlasting light  
Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,  
Good angels know it well ;  
Glad songs that never cease  
Within its portals swell :  
Around its glorious throne  
Ten thousand saints adore  
Christ, with the Father One,  
And Spirit evermore.

Look up, ye saints of God,  
Nor fear to tread below  
The path your Saviour trod  
Of daily toil and woe.  
Wait but a little while  
In uncomplaining love ;  
His own most gracious smile  
Shall welcome you above.

## ALL SAINTS

160

TEN thousand times ten thousand,  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransomed saints  
Throng up the steeps of light :  
'Tis finished ! all is finished,  
Their fight with death and sin ;  
Fling open wide the golden gates,  
And let the victors in.

What rush of Alleluias  
Fills all the earth and sky !  
What ringing of a thousand harps  
Bespeaks the triumph nigh !  
O day, for which creation  
And all its tribes were made !  
O joy, for all its former woes  
A thousand-fold repaid !  
Oh ! then what raptured greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore,  
What knitting severed friendships up,  
Where partings are no more !  
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle  
That brimmed with tears of late ;  
Orphans no longer fatherless,  
Nor widows desolate.

Bring near Thy great salvation,  
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,  
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,  
Then take Thy power and reign :  
Appear, Desire of nations,  
Thine exiles long for home ;  
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign ;  
Thou Prince and Saviour, come.



## ALL SAINTS

161

FOR all the saints who from their labours rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,  
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.

Alleluia !

Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their  
Might ;  
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight ;  
Thou in the darkness drear their one true Light.

Alleluia !

Oh ! may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.

Alleluia !

O blest communion, fellowship divine !  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

Alleluia !

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,  
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

Alleluia !

The golden evening brightens in the west ;  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest :  
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

Alleluia !

But lo ! there breaks a yet more glorious day ;  
*The saints triumphant rise in bright array :*  
*The King of glory passes on His way.*

Alleluia !

## ALL SAINTS

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest  
coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless  
host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.  
Alleluia !

162

L O ! round the throne, at God's right hand,  
The saints in countless myriads stand ;  
Of every tongue redeemed to God,  
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

Through tribulation great they came,  
And bore the cross, and scorned the shame :  
From all their labours now they rest,  
In God's eternal glory blest.

Hunger and thirst they feel no more,  
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore ;  
The tear is wiped from every eye,  
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

They see their Saviour face to face,  
And sing the triumphs of His grace ;  
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,  
And thus their loud Hosannas raise :

' Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign !  
*Thou hast redeemed us by Thy blood,*  
And made us kings and priests to God.

## ALL SAINTS

163

THE saints of God ! their conflict past,  
And life's long battle won at last,  
No more they need the shield or sword,  
They cast them down before their Lord :  
O happy saints, for ever blest,  
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest !

The saints of God ! their wanderings done,  
No more their weary course they run ;  
No more they faint, no more they fall,  
No foes oppress, no fears appal :  
O happy saints, for ever blest,  
In that dear home how sweet your rest !

The saints of God ! life's voyage o'er,  
Safe landed on that blissful shore,  
No stormy tempests now they dread,  
No roaring billows lift their head :  
O happy saints, for ever blest,  
In that calm haven of your rest !

The saints of God their vigil keep  
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,  
'Till from the dust they too shall rise  
And soar triumphant to the skies :  
O happy saints, rejoice and sing ;  
He quickly comes, your Lord and King.

O God of saints, to Thee we cry ;  
O Saviour, plead for us on high ;  
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,  
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end ;  
*That with all saints our rest may be  
In that bright Paradise with Thee.*

## HOLY BAPTISM

164

**I**N token that thou shalt not fear  
Christ crucified to own,  
We print the Cross upon thee here,  
And stamp thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush  
To glory in His Name,  
We blazon here upon thy front  
His glory and His shame.

In token that Thou shalt not flinch  
Christ's quarrel to maintain,  
But 'neath His banner manfully  
Firm at thy post remain ;

In token that thou too shalt tread  
The path He travelled by,  
Endure the cross, despise the shame,  
And sit thee down on high ;

'Thus outwardly and visibly  
We seal thee for His own ;  
And may the brow that wears His Cross  
Hereafter share His Crown !

## CONFIRMATION

165

**S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on,  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through His Eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
And in His mighty power ;  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,  
With all His strength endued ;  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God.

From strength to strength go on,  
Wrestle and fight and pray ;  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day :

That, having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,  
And stand complete at last

## CONFIRMATION

166

O God of truth, Whose living Word  
Upholds whate'er has breath,  
Look down on Thy created sons  
Enslaved by sin and death.  
Set up Thy standard, Lord, that we,  
Who claim a heavenly birth,  
May march with Thee to smite the lies  
That vex Thy groaning earth.

And would we join that blest array,  
And follow in the might  
Of Him, the Faithful and the True,  
In raiment clean and white?  
How can we fight for truth and God,  
Enthralled to lies and sin?  
He who would wage such war on earth  
Must first be true within.

O God of truth, for Whom we long,  
O Thou that hearest prayer,  
Do Thine own battle in our hearts,  
And slay the falsehood there.  
So, tried in Thy refining fire,  
From every lie set free,  
In us Thy perfect truth shall dwell  
And we may fight for Thee.

## CONFIRMATION

167

THINE for ever ! God of love,  
Hear us from Thy throne above :  
Thine for ever may we be  
Here and in eternity.

Thine for ever ! Lord of life,  
Shield us through our earthly strife ;  
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.

Thine for ever ! oh ! how blest  
They who find in Thee their rest !  
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,  
O defend us to the end.

Thine for ever ! Saviour, keep  
These Thy frail and trembling sheep ;  
Safe alone beneath Thy care,  
Let us all Thy goodness share.

Thine for ever ! Thou our guide,  
All our wants by Thee supplied,  
All our sins by Thee forgiven,  
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

## CONFIRMATION

168

OFt in danger, oft in woe,  
Onward, Christians, onward go !  
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,  
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

Onward, Christians, onward go !  
Join the war, and face the foe ;  
Will ye flee in danger's hour?  
Know ye not your Captain's power?

Let your drooping hearts be glad ;  
March, in heavenly armour clad ;  
Fight, nor think the battle long ;  
Soon shall victory wake your song.

Let not sorrow dim your eye ;  
Soon shall every tear be dry :  
Let not fears your course impede ;  
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward then to battle move ;  
More than conquerors ye shall prove :  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
Christian soldiers, onward go !



## CONFIRMATION

169

**F**IGHT the good fight with all thy might,  
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right ;  
Lay hold on life and it shall be  
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good grace,  
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face ;  
Life with its way before us lies,  
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside, lean on thy guide ;  
His boundless mercy will provide ;  
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove  
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not nor fear, His arms are near,  
He changeth not, and thou art dear ;  
Only believe, and thou shalt see  
That Christ is all in all to thee.

170

**T**AKE my life, and let it be  
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee :  
Take my moments and my days ;  
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move  
At the impulse of Thy love :  
*Take my feet and let them be*  
*Swift and beautiful for Thee.*

## CONFIRMATION

Take my voice and let me sing  
Always, only, for my King :  
Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my will, and make it Thine ;  
It shall be no longer mine :  
Take my heart, it is Thine own ;  
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love ; my Lord, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure-store :  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for Thee.

171

**H**ARK ! angelic voices,  
High o'er earth and sea,  
Call the heir of glory,  
Call him to be free.

Loyal-hearted soldier,  
Reckon not the loss ;  
Christ the Leader calls thee,  
Warrior of the Cross.

Speed the brave endeavour,  
Battle with the wrong ;  
Satan's hosts surround thee,  
Christian heart, be strong.

Hark ! angelic voices,  
High o'er earth and sea,  
Call each ransomed brother,  
Lord, to follow Thee.

## CONFIRMATION .

172

CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose ;  
Cast thy dreams of ease away :  
Thou art in the midst of foes ;  
Watch and pray.

Gird thy heavenly armour on,  
Wear it ever, night and day :  
Ambushed lies the evil one ;  
Watch and pray.

Hear the victors who o'ercame ;  
Still they mark each warrior's way ;  
All with one sweet voice exclaim  
' Watch and pray.'

First and chiefest, hear thy Lord,  
Him thou lovest to obey ;  
Hide within thy heart His word,  
' Watch and pray.'

Watch, as if on thee alone  
Hung the issue of the day :  
Pray, and all thy weakness own ;  
Watch and pray.

173

GO forward, Christian soldier !  
Beneath His banner true :  
The Lord Himself, thy Leader,  
Shall all thy foes subdue.  
His love foretells thy trials ;  
He knows thine hourly need ;  
He can with bread of heaven  
Thy fainting spirit feed.

## CONFIRMATION

Go, forward, Christian soldier !  
Fear not the secret foe ;  
Far more o'er thee are watching  
Than human eyes can know :  
Trust only Christ, thy Captain ;  
Cease not to watch and pray ;  
Heed not the treacherous voices  
That lure thy soul astray.

Go forward, Christian soldier !  
Nor dream of peaceful rest,  
Till Satan's host is vanquished,  
And heaven is all possessed ;  
Till Christ Himself shall call thee  
To lay thine armour by,  
And wear in endless glory  
The crown of victory.

Go forward, Christian soldier !  
Fear not the gathering night :  
The Lord has been thy shelter ;  
The Lord will be thy light.  
When morn His face revealeth,  
Thy dangers all are past :  
Oh ! pray that faith and virtue  
Uphold thee to the last.

## CONFIRMATION

174

**L**ORD of the brave, Who call'st Thine own  
In love's fair name to fearless war,  
Behold us where God's musters are,  
His viewless banner o'er us blown.

Lo, we that dare the all-holy fight,  
Our soldier oath we pledge to-day,  
Our soldier hands 'neath Thine we lay,  
Dread Captain of the hosts of light.

To-day we dare. To-morrow who  
Can guard the soldier faith unshamed?  
For valour faints as valour flamed.  
We dare : 'tis Thou must make us do.

This soul of youth that springs to prove  
Heaven's knighthood on heaven's olden  
foe,  
O God in Man, 'tis Thine to know,  
'Tis Thine, O Man in God, to love.

Thy love be ours, when war is nigher,  
Thy love that knows our helper be ;  
Ah, King, for in the touch of Thee  
The heart that faints is heart of fire.

In love's fair name to battle sore,  
Lord of the brave, lead on Thine own,  
The viewless banner o'er us blown,  
A host of Christ for evermore.

## HOLY COMMUNION

175

MY God, and is Thy Table spread,  
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow ?  
Thither be all Thy children led,  
And let them all its sweetness know.

Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes,  
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood !  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food !

Why are its bounties all in vain  
Before unwilling hearts displayed ?  
Was not for us the Victim slain ?  
Are we forbid the children's bread ?

Oh ! let Thy Table honoured be,  
And furnished well with joyful guests ;  
And may each soul salvation see  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

## HOLY COMMUNION

176

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken,  
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,  
By Whom the words of life were spoken,  
And in Whose death our sins are dead !

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears by sinners shed,  
And be Thy feast to us the token  
That by Thy grace our souls are fed !

177

LO! the feast is spread to-day ;  
Jesus summons, come away :  
From the vanity of life,  
From the sounds of mirth or strife,  
To the feast by Jesus given,  
Come, and taste the Bread of Heaven.

Why, with proud excuse and vain,  
Spurn His mercy once again?  
From amidst life's social ties,  
From the farm and merchandise,  
Come, for all is now prepared ;  
Freely given be freely shared !

Blessèd are the lips that taste  
Our Redeemer's marriage-feast ;  
Blessèd, who on Him shall feed,  
Bread of Life, and drink indeed ;  
*Blessèd, for their thirst is o'er ;  
They shall never hunger more.*

## HOLY COMMUNION

178

SAVIOUR, we lift our trembling eyes  
To that bright seat where, placed on high,  
The great, the atoning Sacrifice  
For us, for all, is ever nigh.

Be Thou our guard on peril's brink,  
Be Thou our guide through weal or woe ;  
And teach us of Thy cup to drink,  
And make us in Thy path to go.

For what is earthly change or loss?  
Thy promises are still our own :  
The feeblest frame may bear Thy Cross,  
The lowliest spirit share Thy throne.



## HOLY COMMUNION

179

ACCORDING to Thy gracious word,  
In meek humility,  
This will I do, my dying Lord,  
I will remember Thee.

Thy Body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be ;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember Thee.

When to the Cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,  
I must remember Thee :

Remember Thee, and all Thy pains,  
And all Thy love to me ;  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,  
Jesus, remember me.

## HOLY COMMUNION

180

O GOD, unseen yet ever near  
Thy presence may we feel ;  
And thus inspired with holy fear  
Before Thine Altar kneel.

Here may Thy faithful people know  
The blessings of Thy love ;  
The streams that through the desert flow,  
The manna from above.

We come, obedient to Thy word,  
To feast on heavenly food ;  
Our meat, the body of the Lord,  
Our drink, His precious blood.

Thus would we all Thy words obey,  
For we, O God, are Thine,  
And go rejoicing on our way,  
Renewed with strength divine.

## HOLY COMMUNION

181

AND now, O Father, mindful of the love  
That bought us once for all on Calvary's Tree,  
And having with us Him that pleads above,  
We here present, we here spread forth to Thee  
That only Offering perfect in Thine eyes,  
The one true, pure, immortal Sacrifice.

Look, Father, look on His anointed face,  
And only look on us as found in Him ;  
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,  
Our prayer so languid, and our faith so dim :  
For lo ! between our sins and their reward  
We set the Passion of Thy Son our Lord.

And then for those, our dearest and our best,  
By this prevailing presence we appeal ;  
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast,  
O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal ;  
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,  
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.

And so we come ; O draw us to Thy feet,  
Most patient Saviour, Who canst love us still ;  
And by this food, so awful and so sweet,  
Deliver us from every touch of ill :  
In Thine own service make us glad and free,  
And grant us never more to part with Thee.

## HOLY COMMUNION

182

I AM not worthy, holy Lord,  
That Thou shouldst come to me ;  
Speak but the word, one gracious word  
Can set the sinner free.

I am not worthy ; cold and bare  
The lodging of my soul ;  
How canst Thou deign to enter there ?  
Lord, speak, and make me whole.

I am not worthy ; yet, my God,  
How can I say Thee nay ;  
Thee, who didst give Thy flesh and blood  
My ransom-price to pay ?

O come ! in this sweet morning hour  
Feed me with food divine  
And fill with all Thy love and power  
This worthless heart of mine.

## HOLY COMMUNION

183

THEE we adore, O hidden Saviour, Thee,  
Who in Thy Sacrament dost deign to be ;  
Both flesh and spirit at Thy presence fail,  
Yet here Thy presence we devoutly hail.

O blest memorial of our dying Lord,  
Who living Bread to men doth here afford !  
O may our souls for ever feed on Thee,  
And Thou, O Christ, for ever precious be.

Fountain of goodness, Jesu, Lord and God,  
Cleanse us unclean with Thy most cleansing blood :  
Increase our faith and love, that we may know  
The hope and peace which from Thy presence flow.

O Christ, whom now beneath a veil we see,  
May what we thirst for soon our portion be,  
To gaze on Thee unveiled, and see Thy face,  
The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace.

## HOLY COMMUNION

184

**D**RAW nigh and take the Body of the Lord,  
And drink the holy Blood for you outpoured.

Saved by that Body and that holy Blood,  
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.

Salvation's Giver, Christ, the Only Son,  
By His dear Cross and Blood the victory won.

Offered was He for greatest and for least,  
Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.

Victims were offered by the law of old,  
Which in a type this heavenly mystery told.

He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,  
Now gives His holy grace His saints to aid.

Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,  
And take the safeguard of salvation here.

He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,  
To all believers life eternal yields ;

With heavenly bread makes them that hunger  
whole,  
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.

## HOLY COMMUNION

185

**H**ERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face ;  
Here faith can touch and handle things  
unseen ;

Here would I grasp with firmer hand Thy grace,  
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

Here would I feed upon the Bread of God ;  
Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven ;  
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,  
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

I have no help but Thine ; nor do I need  
Another arm save Thine to lean upon ;  
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed ;  
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

Too soon we rise ; the symbols disappear ;  
The feast, though not the love, is past and gone,  
The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here,  
Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.

Feast after feast thus comes and passes by ;  
Yet passing points to the glad feast above,  
Giving sweet foretastes of the festal joy,  
The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

## HOLY COMMUNION

186

‘TILL He come’—Oh ! let the words  
Linger on the trembling chords ;  
Let the little while between  
In their golden light be seen ;  
Let us think how heaven and home  
Lie beyond that ‘Till He come.’

When the weary ones we love  
Enter on their rest above,  
Seems the earth so poor and vast,  
All our life-joy overcast ?  
Hush ! be every murmur dumb :  
It is only, ‘Till He come.’

Clouds and conflicts round us press ;  
Would we have one sorrow less ?  
All the sharpness of the Cross,  
All that tells the world is loss,  
Death, and darkness, and the tomb  
Only whisper, ‘Till He come.’

See the feast of love is spread ;  
Drink the wine, and break the bread,  
Sweet memorials, till the Lord  
Call us round His heavenly board ;  
Some from earth, from glory some,  
Severed only ‘Till He come.’



## HOLY COMMUNION

187

BY Christ redeemed, to God restored,  
We keep the memory adored,  
And show the death of our dear Lord,  
Until He come.

His body slain upon the tree,  
His life-blood, shed for us, we see ;  
Thus faith shall read the mystery,  
Until He come.

And thus His dark betrayal night  
With His last Advent we unite  
By one bright chain of loving rite,  
Until He come :

Until the trump of God be heard,  
Until the ancient graves be stirred,  
And, with the great commanding word,  
The Lord shall come.

O blessèd hope ! With this elate  
Let not our hearts be desolate,  
But, strong in faith and patience, wait  
Until He come.

## HOLY COMMUNION

188

**A**UTHOR of life divine,  
Who hast a Table spread,  
Furnished with mystic Wine  
And everlasting Bread,  
Preserve the life Thyself hast given,  
And feed and train us up for heaven.

Our needy souls sustain  
With fresh supplies of love,  
Till all Thy life we gain,  
And all Thy fulness prove,  
And, strengthened by Thy perfect grace,  
Behold without a veil Thy face.

189

**B**READ of Heaven, on Thee we feed,  
For Thy flesh is meat indeed ;  
Ever may our souls be fed  
With this true and living Bread,  
Day by day with strength supplied  
Through the life of Him who died.

Vine of Heaven, Thy blood supplies  
This blest cup of sacrifice ;  
'Tis Thy wounds our healing give ;  
To Thy Cross we look and live :  
Thou our life ! O let us be  
*Rooted, grafted, built on Thee.*

## CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH

190

LORD, Whose temple once did glisten  
With a monarch's rich supplies,  
To our humbler praises listen,  
    Bless our willing sacrifice.  
Be our freewill offering, given  
    To the Father and the Son,  
Sweeter in the sight of heaven  
    Than the scents of Lebanon.

Clouds and darkness veiled Thy dwelling  
In Thy chosen house of old,  
Though the hymn of praise was swelling  
    'Mid the pomp of Ophir's gold :  
Here Thy love our hearts shall brighten ;  
    Hence, ye earth-born clouds, away !  
Here Thy Spirit shall enlighten,  
    Shining to the perfect day.

When our Israel's sore transgression  
    Stops the windows of the sky ;  
When we sink beneath oppression,  
    When we see our thousands die ;  
Father, when we here adore Thee,  
    In Thy house our prayer receive ;  
When we spread our hands before Thee,  
    Here behold us, and forgive.

## BURIAL OF THE DEAD

191

GOD of the living, in Whose eyes  
Unveiled Thy whole creation lies ;  
All souls are Thine ; we must not say  
That those are dead who pass away ;  
From this our world of flesh set free,  
We know them living unto Thee.

Not spilt like water on the ground,  
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,  
Not wandering in unknown despair,  
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy care ;  
Not left to lie like fallen tree,  
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

Thy word is true, Thy will is just ;  
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust ;  
And bless Thee for the love which gave  
Thy Son to fill a human grave,  
That none might fear that world to see,  
Where all are living unto Thee.

O Giver unto man of breath,  
O Holder of the keys of death,  
O Quickener of the life within,  
Save us from death, the death of sin ;  
That body, soul and spirit be,  
For ever living unto Thee.

## BURIAL OF THE DEAD

192

CHRIST will gather in His own  
To the place where He is gone,  
Where their heart and treasure lie,  
Where our life is hid on high.

Day by day the voice saith, 'Come,  
Enter thine eternal home ;'  
Asking not if we can spare  
This dear friend it summons there.

Had He asked us, well we know  
We should cry, 'Oh ! spare this blow.'  
Yes, with streaming tears should pray,  
'Lord, we love him, let him stay.'

But the Lord doth nought amiss ;  
And, since He hath ordered this,  
We have nought to do but still  
Rest in silence on His will.

Many a heart no longer here  
Ah ! was all too inly dear :  
Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call ;  
Thou wilt be our all in all.

## BURIAL OF THE DEAD

193

NOW the labourer's task is o'er,  
Now the battle-day is past,  
Now upon the farther shore  
Lands the voyager at last :  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.  
There the tears of earth are dried,  
There its hidden things are clear,  
There the work of life is tried  
By a juster Judge than here :  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.  
There the sinful souls, that turn  
To the Cross their dying eyes,  
All the love of Christ shall learn  
At His feet in Paradise :  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.  
There no more the powers of hell  
Can prevail to mar their peace ;  
Christ the Lord shall guide them well,  
He who died for their release :  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.  
'Earth to earth, and dust to dust,'  
Calmly now the words we say,  
Leaving him to sleep in trust  
Till the resurrection day :  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

## BURIAL OF THE DEAD

194

THOU art gone to the grave ; but we will not  
depire thee,

Though sorrows and darkness encompass the  
tomb ;

Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before  
thee,

And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the  
gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer behold  
thee,

Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy  
side ;

But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold  
thee,

And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave ; and, its mansion for-  
saking,

Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long ;

But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,

And the sound which thou heard'st was the  
Seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not  
deplore thee,

Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and  
guide ;

He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore  
thee,

*And death has no sting, for the Saviour has  
died.*

## BURIAL OF THE DEAD

195

BRIEF life is here our portion,  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life, is there.

O happy retribution,  
Short toil, eternal rest !  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest !

And now we fight the battle,  
But then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown :

The God whom now we trust in  
Shall then be seen and known ;  
And they who see and know Him  
Shall have Him for their own.

The morning shall awaken,  
The shadows shall decay,  
And each true-hearted servant  
Shall shine as doth the day.

There God, our King and portion,  
In fullness of His grace  
Shall we behold for ever,  
And worship face to face.



## BURIAL OF THE DEAD

196

JESUS died for us, and rose again ;  
Therefore are our hopes no longer dim :  
Therefore know we that to die is gain,  
For we sleep in Him.

Therefore father, mother, sister, brother,  
Still are ours, for all are still the Lord's :  
Wherefore let us comfort one another  
With these blessèd words.

## FOR THOSE AT SEA

197

**E**TERNAL Father, strong to save,  
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,  
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep ;  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea !

O Christ, Whose voice the waters heard  
And hushed their raging at Thy word,  
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,  
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep ;  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea !

O Holy Spirit, Who didst brood  
Upon the waters dark and rude,  
And bid their angry tumult cease,  
And give, for wild confusion, peace ;  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea !

O Trinity of Love and Power,  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go :  
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee  
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

## MISSIONS

198

**S**OLDIERS of the Cross, arise,  
Gird you with your armour bright :  
Mighty are your enemies,  
Hard the battle ye must fight.

Mid the homes of want and woe,  
Strangers to the living Word,  
Let the Saviour's herald go,  
Let the voice of hope be heard.

Where the shadows deepest lie,  
Carry truth's unsullied ray ;  
Where are crimes of blackest dye  
There the saving sign display.

To the weary and the worn  
Tell of realms where sorrows cease ;  
To the outcast and forlorn  
Speak of mercy and of peace.

Guard the helpless, seek the strayed,  
Comfort troubles, banish grief ;  
With the shield of faith arrayed  
Quench the darts of unbelief.

Be the banner still unfurled,  
Bravely wield the Spirit's sword,  
Till the kingdoms of the world  
Are the kingdom of the Lord !

## MISSIONS

199

SOULS in heathen darkness lying,  
Where no light has broken through,  
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,  
Whom His soul in travail knew,  
Thousand voices  
Call us o'er the waters blue.

Christians, hearken ! None has taught them  
Of His love so deep and dear ;  
Of the precious price that bought them,  
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear :  
Ye who know Him,  
Guide them from their darkness drear.

Haste, oh ! haste, and spread the tidings  
Wide to earth's remotest strand ;  
Let no brother's bitter chidings  
Rise against us, when we stand  
In the judgment,  
From some far, forgotten land.

Lo ! the hills for harvest whiten  
All along each distant shore ;  
Seaward far the islands brighten ;  
Light of nations, lead us o'er :  
When we seek them,  
Let Thy Spirit go before.

## MISSIONS

200

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand ;  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.  
What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile?  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown ;  
The heathen, in his blindness,  
Bows down to wood and stone.  
Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation ! O salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's Name.  
Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole ;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

## MISSIONS

201

**S**PREAD, O spread, Thou mighty word,  
Spread the kingdom of the Lord,  
Wheresoe'er His breath has given  
Life to beings born for heaven.

Tell them how the Father's will  
Made the world, and keeps it still ;  
How He sent His Son to save  
All who help and comfort crave.

Tell of our Redeemer's love,  
Who for ever doth remove,  
By His holy Sacrifice,  
All the guilt that on us lies.

Tell them of the Spirit given  
Now, to guide us up to heaven,  
Strong and holy, just and true,  
Working both to will and do.

Word of life, most pure and strong,  
Lo ! for Thee the nations long :  
Spread, till from its dreary night  
All the world awakes to light.

Up ! the ripening fields ye see ;  
Mighty shall the harvest be ;  
But the reapers still are few,  
Great the work they have to do.

Lord of harvest, let there be  
Joy and strength to work for Thee,  
Till the nations far and near  
*See Thy light*, and learn Thy fear.

## MISSIONS

202

THOU, Whose Almighty Word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight,  
Hear us, we humbly pray  
And, where the Gospel-day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
Let there be light !

Thou, Who didst come to bring  
On Thy redeeming wing  
Healing and sight,  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly blind,  
Oh ! now to all mankind  
Let there be light !

Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving Holy Dove,  
Speed forth Thy flight ;  
Move on the waters' face,  
Bearing the lamp of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
Let there be light !

Holy and Blessèd Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Wisdom, Love, Might,  
Boundless as ocean's tide,  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Through the earth, far and wide,  
Let there be light !

## MISSIONS

203

**H**ILLS of the north, rejoice ;  
River and mountain-spring,  
Hark to the advent voice ;  
Valley and lowland, sing ;  
Though absent long, your Lord is nigh,  
He judgment brings and victory.  
Isles of the southern seas,  
Deep in your coral caves  
Pent be each warring breeze,  
Lulled be your restless waves :  
He comes to reign with boundless sway,  
And make your wastes His great highway.  
Lands of the east, awake,  
Soon shall your sons be free,  
The sleep of ages break,  
And rise to liberty :  
On your far hills, long cold and grey,  
Has dawned the everlasting day.  
Shores of the utmost west,  
Ye that have waited long,  
Unvisited, unblest,  
Break forth to swelling song :  
High raise the note, that Jesus died,  
Yet lives and reigns, the Crucified.  
Shout, while ye journey home ;  
Songs be in every mouth ;  
Lo, from the north we come,  
From east, and west, and south :  
City of God, the bond are free ;  
We come to live and reign in thee.



## MISSIONS

204

CAPTAINS of the saintly band,  
Lights who lighten every land,  
Princes who with Jesus dwell,  
Judges of His Israel,

On the nations sunk in night  
Ye have shed the Gospel light ;  
Falsehood flies before the day ;  
Truth is shining on our way.

Not by warrior's spear and sword,  
Not by art of human word,  
Preaching but the Cross of shame,  
Rebel hearts for Christ ye tame.

Earth, that long in sin and pain  
Groaned in Satan's deadly chain,  
Now to serve its God is free  
In the law of liberty.

Distant lands with one acclaim  
Tell the honour of your name,  
Who, wherever man has trod,  
Teach the mysteries of God.

Glory to the Three in One  
While eternal ages run,  
Who from deepest shades of night  
Called us to His glorious light.

## MISSIONS

205

GO, labour on ; spend, and be spent,  
Thy joy to do the Father's will ;  
It is the way the Master went ;  
Should not the servant tread it still ?

Go, labour on ; 'tis not for nought ;  
Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain ;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;  
The Master praises ; what are men ?

Go, labour on ; your hands are weak,  
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down ;  
Yet falter not ; the prize you seek  
Is near, a kingdom and a crown.

Go, labour on while it is day,  
The world's dark night is hastening on ;  
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away :  
With strong great wrestlings souls are won.

Toil on, faint not, keep watch and pray ;  
Be wise the erring soul to win ;  
Go forth into the world's highway,  
Compel the wanderer to come in.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;  
For toil comes rest, for exile home ;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
The midnight cry, ' Behold, I come.'

## HARVEST

206

FATHER of mercies, God of love,  
Whose gifts all creatures share,  
The rolling seasons, as they move,  
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth  
The sower hid the grain,  
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,  
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine,  
The seasons knew Thy call ;  
Thou mad'st the summer suns to shine,  
The summer dewes to fall.

The hand unseen that works above  
Matured the swelling grain ;  
And now the harvest crowns Thy love,  
And plenty fills the plain.

Oh ! ne'er may our forgetful hearts  
O'erlook Thy bounteous care ;  
But what our Father's hand imparts  
Still own in praise and prayer !

207

WE plough the fields, and scatter  
The good seed on the land,  
But it is fed and watered  
By God's Almighty hand ;  
*He sends the snow in winter,*  
The warmth to swell the grain,

## HARVEST

The breezes, and the sunshine,  
And soft, refreshing rain.  
All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above,  
Then thank the Lord, oh ! thank the Lord  
For all His love.

He only is the Maker  
Of all things near and far ;  
He paints the wayside flower,  
He lights the evening star ;  
The winds and waves obey Him,  
By Him the birds are fed ;  
Much more to us, His children,  
He gives our daily bread.  
All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above,  
Then thank the Lord, oh ! thank the Lord  
For all His love.

We thank Thee then, O Father,  
For all things bright and good,  
The seed-time and the harvest,  
Our life, our health, our food ;  
Accept the gifts we offer  
For all Thy love imparts,  
And, what Thou most desirest,  
Our humble, thankful hearts.  
All good gifts around us  
Are sent from heaven above,  
Then thank the Lord, oh ! thank the Lord  
For all His love.

## HARVEST

208

THE sower went forth sowing,  
The seed in secret slept  
Through weeks of faith and patience,  
Till out the green blade crept ;  
And warmed by golden sunshine,  
And fed by silver rain,  
At last the fields were whitened  
To harvest once again.  
Oh ! praise the heavenly Sower,  
Who gave the fruitful seed,  
And watched and watered duly,  
And ripened for our need.

Behold ! the heavenly Sower  
Goes forth with better seed,  
The word of sure salvation,  
With feet and hands that bleed ;  
Here in His Church 'tis scattered,  
Our spirits are the soil ;  
Then let an ample fruitage  
Repay His pain and toil.  
Oh ! beauteous is the harvest  
Wherein all goodness thrives,  
And this the true thanksgiving,  
The first-fruits of our lives.

## HARVEST

Within a hallowed acre  
He sows yet other grain,  
When peaceful earth receiveth  
The dead He died to gain ;  
For though the growth be hidden,  
We know that they shall rise ;  
Yea even now they ripen  
In sunny Paradise.  
O summer land of harvest,  
O fields for ever white  
With souls that wear Christ's raiment,  
With crowns of golden light !

One day the heavenly Sower  
Shall reap where He hath sown,  
And come again rejoicing,  
And with Him bring His own ;  
And then the fan of judgment  
Shall winnow from His floor  
The chaff into the furnace  
That flameth evermore.  
O holy, awful Reaper,  
Have mercy in the day  
Thou putttest in Thy sickle,  
And cast us not away.

## ALMSGIVING

209

THINE arm, O Lord, in days of old  
Was strong to heal and save ;  
It triumphed o'er disease and death,  
O'er darkness and the grave :  
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,  
The palsied and the lame,  
The leper with his tainted life,  
The sick with fevered frame.

And lo ! Thy touch brought life and health,  
Gave speech, and strength, and sight ;  
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed  
Owned Thee, the Lord of light.  
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,  
Almighty as of yore,  
In crowded street, by restless couch,  
As by Gennesareth's shore.

Be Thou our great Deliverer still,  
Thou Lord of life and death,  
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless  
With Thine Almighty breath :  
To hands that work, and eyes that see,  
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,  
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,  
May praise Thee evermore.

## IN TIME OF WAR

210

O LORD of Hosts, Almighty King  
Behold the sacrifice we bring ;  
To every arm Thy strength impart ;  
Thy Spirit shed through every heart.

Wake in our breasts the living fires,  
The holy faith that warmed our sires ;  
Thy hand hath made our nation free,  
To die for her is serving Thee.

Be Thou a Pillared Flame to show  
The midnight snare, the silent foe ;  
And, when the battle thunders loud  
Still guide us in its moving Cloud.

God of all nations, Sovereign Lord,  
In Thy dread Name we draw the sword ;  
We lift the meteor-flag on high  
That fills with light our troubled sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,  
Guard Thou its folds till peace shall reign ;  
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,  
Join our loud anthem, ' Praise to Thee ! '



O LORD of Hosts, Who didst upraise  
Strong captains to defend the right  
In darker years and sterner days,

And armedst Israel for the fight ;  
Thou madest Joshua true and strong,  
And David framed the battle-song.

And must we battle yet? Must we,  
Who bear the tender Name divine,  
Still barter life for victory,

Still glory in the crimson sign?  
The Crucified between us stands,  
And lifts on high His wounded hands.

Lord, we are weak and wilful yet,  
The fault is in our clouded eyes ;  
But Thou, through anguish and regret,  
Dost make Thy faithless children wise  
Through wrong, through hate, Thou dost approve  
The far-off victories of love.

And so from out the heart of strife  
Diviner echoes peal and thrill ;  
The scorned delights, the lavished life,  
The pain that serves a nation's will ;  
Thy comfort stills the mourner's cries,  
And love is crowned by sacrifice.

As rains that weep the clouds away,  
As winds that leave a calm in heaven,  
So let the slayer cease to slay ;—

The passion healed, the wrath forgiven,  
*Draw nearer, bid the tumult cease,  
Redeemer, Saviour, Prince of Peace!*

## BEGINNING OF THE YEAR

212

**H**ELP us, O Lord ; behold, we enter  
Upon another year to-day ;  
In Thee our hopes and thoughts now centre,  
Renew our courage for the way :  
New life, new strength, new happiness  
We ask of Thee : oh ! hear, and bless.

O God, be with us and direct us ;  
O God, our plans and hopes inspire ;  
O God, from thoughts of sin protect us ;  
O God, be all our heart's desire ;  
O God, be in our thoughts each day,  
Nor suffer us to fall away.

And grant us, when the year is over,  
Its latest hour in peace may close ;  
In all things care for us, and cover  
Our head in time of fear and woes ;  
So may we, when our years are gone,  
Appear with joy before Thy throne.

## BEGINNING OF THE YEAR

213

FATHER, let me dedicate  
All this year to Thee,  
In whatever worldly state  
Thou wilt have me be.  
Not from sorrow, pain, or care  
Freedom dare I claim ;  
This alone shall be my prayer,  
Glorify Thy Name.

Can a child presume to choose  
Where or how to live?  
Can a Father's love refuse  
All the best to give?  
More Thou givest every day  
Than the best can claim,  
Nor withholdest aught that may  
Glorify Thy Name.

If in mercy Thou wilt spare  
Joys that yet are mine ;  
If on life, serene and fair,  
Brighter rays may shine ;  
Let my glad heart, while it sings,  
Thee in all proclaim,  
And, whate'er the future brings,  
Glorify Thy Name.

If Thou callest to the cross,  
And its shadow come,  
Turning all my gain to loss,  
Shrouding heart and home ;  
Let me think how Thy dear Son  
To His glory came,  
And in deepest woe pray on  
'Glorify Thy Name.'

## END OF THE YEAR

214

FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,  
Faithful through another year  
Hear our song of thankfulness,  
Father and Redeemer, hear.

In our weakness and distress,  
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay ;  
In the pathless wilderness  
Be our true and living way.

Who of us death's awful road  
In the coming year shall tread ;  
With Thy rod and staff, O God,  
Comfort Thou his dying head.

Keep us faithful, keep us pure,  
Keep us evermore Thine own ;  
Help, oh ! help us to endure ;  
Fit us for the promised crown.

So within Thy palace gate  
We shall praise, on golden strings,  
Thee, the only Potentate,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

## END OF THE YEAR

215

ANOTHER year, another year  
Hath sped its flight on silent wing,  
And all that marked its brief career  
Hath passed from mortal reckoning.

For all Thy grace and patient love,  
Exhaustless still, and still the same,  
For all our hopes of joy above,  
We laud and bless Thy holy Name.

We bless Thee for each happy soul,  
Throughout another fleeting year,  
Or by Thy quickening grace made whole,  
Or parted in Thy faith and fear.

Still bear with us, and bless us still ;  
And, while in this dark world we stay,  
Oh ! let us love Thy holy will !  
Oh ! let us keep Thy narrow way !

So, when the rolling stream of time  
Hath opened to a boundless sea,  
Loud will we raise that song sublime,  
All honour, glory, power to Thee !

## FOUNDER'S DAY

216

O GOD, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home !

Beneath the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure :  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages, in Thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone ;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away ;  
They fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,  
And our eternal home !

## FOUNDER'S DAY

217

**O** MERCIFUL and Holy,  
 Who still, by steps unknown,  
 In simple hearts and lowly  
     Dost build Thy loftiest throne ;  
 As Thou of old wast near us,  
     To bless our founder's care,  
 Bow down Thine ear, and hear us,  
     In this Thy house of prayer.  
 For all the faith and daring  
     That haunt our ancient hill,  
 And patience, and forbearing,  
     Tried good, and vanquished ill ;  
 Sweet praise of our dear mother,  
     And, sweeter far than fame,  
 The love that binds each brother,  
     We glorify Thy Name.  
 For memory's golden treasure,  
     Our boyhood's cloudless brow,  
 Each pure and blameless pleasure,  
     Each brave and holy vow ;  
 And friends still clinging nearer  
     As sorrows cross our way,  
 And some by death made dearer,  
     We thank Thee, Lord, to-day.  
 Whate'er Thy will shall send us,  
     If weal or woe betide,  
 Do Thou, our God, defend us  
     Fast anchored by Thy side :  
 Here firm, though all be drifting,  
     May thousands still adore,  
 Eye, heart, and voice uplifting  
     Till time shall be no more.

## FOUNDER'S DAY

218

REJOICE to-day with one accord,  
Sing out with exultation ;  
Rejoice, and praise our mighty Lord,  
Our strength and our salvation :  
Our fathers' God was He,  
Our God He still shall be ;  
Our fathers praised His Name,  
Our sons shall praise the same :  
Let young and old adore Him.

Our house was built in lowly ways,  
But God looked down upon her :  
He gave her wealth and length of days,  
And brought us to great honour,  
In life, in death, our guide ;  
We own no strength beside ;  
His hosts are round us still ;  
He guards His holy hill :  
Our house shall stand for ever.



## FOUNDER'S DAY

219

FATHER, hear Thy children's praises  
For the boon we owe to-day ;  
Grateful love our heart upraises,  
This our sacrifice to pay :

Thanks for all Thy mercies given,  
Stores of knowledge here unrolled,  
Means of grace, and hopes of heaven,  
Unto us, Thy chosen fold.

Lord, Thy servants' spirits turning,  
Mould them by Thy gracious sway,  
Godliness and all good learning  
May we follow day by day.

May we, these Thy bounties sharing,  
Every talent use aright,  
Still by earthly lore preparing,  
Till our faith be turned to sight :

Till, undimmed by dark reflection,  
Face to face shall Christ be shown ;  
Knowledge rise to full perfection,  
Knowing e'en as we are known.

## FOUNDER'S DAY

220

THE hearts whose love abounded,  
The hands that grudged not gold,  
Fair wisdom's halls who founded  
And faith's abiding hold,  
Who wrought for time's far wages,  
Who sowed that heirs may reap—  
Remember, Lord of ages,  
And holy be their sleep.

This home of their uprearing,  
High Builder, stablish Thou,  
That truths of their revering  
She teach their children now.  
In hours of storm that shake her,  
In treasons of the fold,  
Remember, God our Maker,  
Remember and uphold.

The vineyard Thou hast planted,  
The tillers of Thy plot,  
The harvest that we scanted,  
The fruits we render not,  
The faith that sleeps in ember  
Till scarce the fire may live,  
Lord, these if Thou remember,  
Remember and forgive.

## FIRST SUNDAY OF THE TERM

221

LORD, behold us with Thy blessing,  
Once again assembled here ;  
Onward be our footsteps pressing,  
In Thy love and faith and fear :  
Still protect us  
By Thy presence ever near.

For Thy mercy we adore Thee,  
For this rest upon our way :  
Lord, again we bow before Thee ;  
Speed our labours day by day,  
Mind and spirit  
With Thy choicest gifts array.

Keep the spell of home affection  
Still alive in every heart ;  
May its power, with mild direction,  
Draw our love from self apart,  
Till Thy children  
Feel that Thou their Father art.

Break temptation's fatal power,  
Shielding all with guardian care,  
Safe in every careless hour,  
Safe from sloth and sensual snare :  
Thou, our Saviour,  
Still our failing strength repair.

## LAST SUNDAY OF THE TERM

222

LORD, dismiss us with Thy blessing,  
Thanks for mercies past receive ;  
Pardon all, their faults confessing ;  
Time that 's lost may all retrieve ;  
May Thy children  
Ne'er again Thy Spirit grieve.

Bless Thou all our days of leisure ;  
Help us selfish lures to flee ;  
Sanctify our every pleasure,  
Pure and blameless may it be ;  
May our gladness  
Draw us evermore to Thee.

May Thy kindly influence cherish  
All the good we here have gained ;  
May all taint of evil perish,  
By Thy mightier power restrained ;  
Seek we ever  
Knowledge pure and love unfeigned.

Let Thy Father-hand be shielding  
All who here shall meet no more ;  
May their seed-time past be yielding  
Year by year a richer store ;  
Those returning  
Make more faithful than before.

## PROCESSIONAL

223

**H**OLY sounds are floating o'er us,  
Praise and reverence in their tone ;  
Brothers, let us join in chorus,  
Heart and voice in unison.  
Glory be to Him Who laves us,  
Places us His Church within ;  
Glory be to Him Who saves us,  
In the deadly fight with sin.

In that battle He is calling  
Each to bear a warrior's part,  
Brother, let no fear of falling  
Blanch thy cheek, or daunt thy heart.  
Though the unceasing conflict grieve thee,  
With its agony of strife,  
Be but faithful, He will give thee,  
E'en through death, a crown of life.

Heavenly food for our refection,  
Jesus from His store will send ;  
Heavenly armour for protection,  
Sword to strike and shield to fend ;  
Every piece His Name is wearing,  
With His sacred emblem crossed ;  
Each the golden legend bearing,  
Life is found, when life is lost.

## RECESSIONAL

224

NOW thank we all our God,  
With heart and hands and voices,  
Who wondrous things hath done,  
In whom His world rejoices ;  
Who from our mother's arms  
Hath blessed us on our way  
With countless gifts of love,  
And still is ours to-day !

Oh ! may this bounteous God  
Through all our life be near us,  
With ever joyful hearts  
And blessed peace to cheer us ;  
And keep us in His grace,  
And guide us when perplexed,  
And free us from all ills  
In this world and the next !

All praise and thanks to God,  
The Father, now be given,  
The Son, and Him Who reigns  
With them in highest heaven,  
The One Eternal God,  
Whom earth and heaven adore ;  
For thus it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore !

## GENERAL HYMNS

225

O GOD of Bethel, by Whose hand  
Thy people still are fed ;  
Who through this weary pilgrimage  
Hast all our fathers led ;

Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before Thy throne of grace ;  
God of our fathers, be the God  
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide ;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

Oh ! spread Thy covering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from Thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore ;  
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,  
And portion evermore.

## GENERAL HYMNS

226

**G**UIDE us, O Thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrims through this barren land ;  
We are weak, but Thou art mighty ;  
Hold us with Thy powerful hand :  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed us now and evermore.

Open Thou the living fountain  
Whence the healing waters flow ;  
Let the fiery cloudy pillar  
Lead us all our journey through :  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be Thou still our strength and shield.

When we tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid our anxious fears subside ;  
Bear us through the o'erwhelming torrent,  
Land us safe on Canaan's side :  
Songs of praises  
We will ever give to Thee.



## GENERAL HYMNS

227

LORD, we thank Thee for the pleasure  
That our happy lifetime gives,  
The inestimable treasure  
Of a soul that ever lives ;  
Mind that looks before and after,  
Yearning for its home above,  
Human tears, and human laughter,  
And the depth of human love :

For the thrill, the leap, the gladness  
Of our pulses flowing free ;  
E'en for every touch of sadness  
That may bring us nearer Thee :  
But, above all other kindness,  
Thine unutterable love,  
Which, to heal our sin and blindness,  
Sent Thy dear Son from above.

Teach us so our days to number  
That we may be early wise ;  
Dreamy mist, or cloud of slumber  
Never dull our heavenward eyes :  
Hearty be our work, and willing,  
As to Thee, and not to men ;  
For we know our soul's fulfilling  
Is in heaven, not till then.

## GENERAL HYMNS

228

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer ;  
Not for ease that prayer shall be,  
But for strength that we may ever  
Live our lives courageously.

Not for ever in green pastures  
Do we ask our way to be ;  
But the steep and rugged pathway  
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not for ever by still waters  
Would we idly rest and stay ;  
But would smite the living fountains  
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness,  
In our wanderings be our guide ;  
Through endeavour, failure, danger,  
Father, be Thou at our side.

GENERAL HYMNS

229

○ THOU in all Thy might so far,  
In all Thy love so near,  
Beyond the range of sun and star,  
And yet beside us here :

What heart can comprehend Thy Name,  
Or searching find Thee out,  
Who art within, a quickening flame,  
A presence round about ?

Yet though I know Thee but in part,  
I ask not, Lord, for more ;  
Enough for me to know Thou art,  
To love Thee, and adore.

And dearer than all things I know  
Is childlike faith to me,  
That makes the darkest way I go  
An open path to Thee.

## GENERAL HYMNS

230

BY cool Siloam's shady rill  
How sweet the lily grows !  
How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

Lo ! such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod ;  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay ;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou, Whose infant feet were found  
Within Thy Father's shrine,  
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,  
Were all alike divine ;

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,  
We seek Thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age and death,  
To keep us still Thine own.

## GENERAL HYMNS

231

WHO shall ascend to the holy place,  
And stand on the holy hill ?

Who shall the boundless realms of space  
With shouts of rapture thrill ?

Alleluia !

For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !

The servants of the Lord are they,  
The pure in heart and hand,  
For whom the eternal bars give way,  
The eternal gates expand !

Alleluia !

For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !

Not to the noble, not to the strong,  
To the wealthy, or the wise,  
Is given a part in that angel-song,  
That music of the skies.

Alleluia !

For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !

But those who in humble and holy fear,  
With childlike faith and love,  
Have served the Lord as their Master here,  
Shall praise their Lord above.

Alleluia !

For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth !

## GENERAL HYMNS

232

THY way, not mine, O Lord,  
However dark it be !  
Lead me by Thine own hand,  
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,  
It will be still the best ;  
Winding or straight, it leads  
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot ;  
I would not, if I might :  
Choose Thou for me, my God ;  
So shall I walk aright.

Choose Thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health ;  
Choose Thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice  
In things or great or small :  
Be Thou my guide, my strength,  
My wisdom and my all !

## GENERAL HYMNS

233

**N**EARER, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

E'en though it be a cross

That raiseth me ;

Still all my song shall be,

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee !

Though, like the Wanderer,

The sun gone down,

Darkness comes over me,

My rest a stone,

Yet in my dreams I'd be

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee !

There let my way appear

Steps unto heaven,

All that Thou sendest me

In mercy given ;

Angels to beckon me

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee !

Then with my waking thoughts

Bright with Thy praise,

Out of my stony griefs

Bethels I'll raise ;

So by my woes to be

Nearer, my God, to Thee,

Nearer to Thee !

## GENERAL HYMNS

234

**G**OD is love ; His mercy brightens  
All the paths in which we move :  
Bliss He forms, and woe He lightens ;  
God is light, and God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever,  
Worlds decay, and ages move :  
But His mercy waneth never ;  
God is light, and God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
Will His changeless goodness prove :  
From the mist His brightness streameth ;  
God is light, and God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth  
Hope and comfort from above :  
Everywhere His glory shineth ;  
God is light, and God is love.



## GENERAL HYMNS

235

A SAFE stronghold our God is still,  
A trusty shield and weapon ;  
He'll help us clear from all the ill  
That in our days shall happen.  
The ancient prince of hell  
Hath risen with purpose fell ;  
Strong mail of craft and power  
He weareth in this hour ;  
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,  
Full soon we were down-ridden ;  
But for us fights the proper Man  
Whom God Himself hath bidden.  
Ask ye, Who is this same?  
Christ Jesus is His Name,  
The Lord Zebaoth's Son ;  
He, and no other one,  
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er  
And watching to devour us,  
We lay it not to heart so sore ;  
Not they can overpower us.  
And let the prince of ill  
Look grim as e'er he will,  
He harms us not a whit :  
For why ? His doom is writ ;  
A word shall quickly slay him.

## GENERAL HYMNS

God's word, for all their craft and force,  
One moment will not linger,  
But, spite of hell, shall have its course ;  
'Tis written by His finger.  
And though they take our life,  
Goods, honour, children, wife,  
Yet is their profit small  
These things shall vanish all,  
The city of God remaineth.

236

**T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.  
Of His deliverance I will boast,  
Till all that are distressed  
From my example comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.  
Oh ! magnify the Lord with me,  
With me exalt His Name ;  
When in distress to Him I called,  
He to my rescue came.  
The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just ;  
Deliverance He affords to all  
Who on His succour trust.  
Oh ! make but trial of His love ;  
Experience will decide  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who in His truth confide.

## GENERAL HYMNS

237

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise.

Thy Providence my life sustained,  
And all my wants redressed,  
When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flowed.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;  
And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

GENERAL HYMNS

238

**H**OW are Thy servants blest, O Lord !  
How sure is their defence !  
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,  
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,  
Supported by Thy care,  
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,  
And breathe in tainted air.

When by the dreadful tempest borne  
High on the broken wave,  
They know Thou art not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
Obedient to Thy will ;  
The sea, that roars at Thy command,  
At Thy command is still.

Our life, while Thou preserv'st that life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be ;  
And death, when death shall be our lot,  
Shall join our souls to Thee.

## GENERAL HYMNS

239

ALL praise and thanks to God Most High,  
The Father of all love,  
The God Who doeth wondrously,  
The God Who reigns above !

I sought Him in my hour of need,  
' Lord God, now hear my prayer.'  
For death He gave me life indeed,  
And comfort for despair.

The Lord is never far away,  
Nor sundered from His flock ;  
He is their refuge and their stay,  
Their peace, their trust, their rock.

And when earth cannot comfort more,  
Nor earthly friends avail,  
The Father comes Himself with store  
Of help that cannot fail.

O Thou that doest all things well  
In earth and sky and sea,  
These lips shall never cease to tell  
What Thou hast done for me.

## GENERAL HYMNS

240

GOD moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform ;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill  
He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

Blind unbelief is sure to err  
And scan His work in vain ;  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

## GENERAL HYMNS

241

PUT thou thy trust in God,  
In duty's path go on ;  
Walk in His strength with faith and hope,  
So shall thy work be done.

Commit thy ways to Him,  
Thy works into His hands,  
And rest on His unchanging Word,  
Who heaven and earth commands.

Though years on years roll on,  
His covenant shall endure ;  
Though clouds and darkness hide His path,  
The promised grace is sure.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
His power will clear thy way :  
Wait thou His time ; the darkest night  
Shall end in brightest day.

242

COME, O Thou Traveller unknown,  
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,  
My company before is gone,

And I am left alone with Thee :  
With Thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day.

Wilt Thou not yet to me reveal  
Thy new, unutterable Name?  
Tell me, I still beseech Thee, tell !

To know it now resolved I am :  
Wrestling, I will not let Thee go,  
Till I Thy Name, Thy nature know.

Yield to me now, for I am weak,  
But confident in self-despair ;  
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,  
Be conquered by my instant prayer ;  
Speak, or Thou never hence shalt move,  
And tell me if Thy Name is love.

My prayer hath power with God ; the grace  
Unspeakable I now receive ;  
Through faith I see Thee face to face,  
I see Thee face to face, and live ;  
In vain I have not wept and strove ;  
Thy nature, and Thy Name is love.

I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art ;  
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend ;  
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,  
But stay, and love me to the end :  
Thy mercies never shall remove ;  
Thy nature, and Thy Name, is love.



GENERAL HYMNS

243

O H, let him, whose sorrow  
No relief can find,  
Trust in God, and borrow  
Ease for heart and mind.

Where the mourner weeping  
Sheds the secret tear,  
God His watch is keeping,  
Though none else be near.

God will never leave thee,  
All thy wants He knows,  
Feels the pains that grieve thee,  
Sees thy cares and woes.

Raise thine eyes to heaven  
When thy spirits quail,  
When, by tempests driven,  
Heart and courage fail.

When in grief we languish  
He will dry the tear,  
Who His children's anguish  
Soothes with succour near.

All our woe and sadness,  
In this world below,  
Balance not the gladness  
We in heaven shall know.

Jesus, Holy Saviour,  
In the realms above  
Crown us with Thy favour,  
Fill us with Thy love.

## GENERAL HYMNS

244

COURAGE, brother ! do not stumble,  
Though thy path be dark as night ;  
There's a star to guide the humble :  
    'Trust in God, and do the right.'  
Let the road be rough and dreary,  
    And its end far out of sight,  
Foot it bravely ; strong or weary,  
    Trust in God, and do the right.

Trust no lovely forms of passion,  
    Fiends may look like angels bright ;  
Trust no custom, school, or fashion :  
    Trust in God, and do the right.  
Some will hate thee, some will love thee :  
    Some will flatter, some will slight ;  
Cease from man, and look above thee,  
    Trust in God, and do the right.

Simple rule, and safest guiding,  
    Inward peace, and inward might,  
Star upon our path abiding,  
    Trust in God, and do the right.  
Courage, brother ! do not stumble,  
    Though thy path be dark as night ;  
There's a star to guide the humble :  
    'Trust in God, and do the right.'

GENERAL HYMNS

245

‘ **I**N the mount it shall be seen ;  
God will all provide :  
None have e’er forsaken been  
Who on Him relied.  
Fear not ; Jesus’ aid implore,  
Soon will He the light restore.

Out of darkness He will raise  
Soon the dawning day :  
Now prepare thy joyful praise,  
He is on His way.  
Whilst we seek Him, lo ! He brings  
Plenteous healing in His wings.

Praise, O Jesu, praise to Thee,  
Who our ills hast borne :  
Let Thy word our comfort be,  
‘ Blest are they that mourn.’  
Blest are they whom Thou dost bless  
Present Help in all distress.

GENERAL HYMNS

246

SOMETIMES a light surprises  
 The Christian while He sings ;  
 It is the Lord who rises  
 With healing in His wings,  
 When comforts are declining,  
 He grants the soul again  
 A season of clear shining,  
 To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,  
 We sweetly then pursue  
 The theme of God's salvation,  
 And find it ever new ;  
 Set free from present sorrow,  
 We cheerfully can say,  
 E'en let the unknown to-morrow  
 Bring with it what it may :

It can bring with it nothing,  
 But He will bear us through ;  
 Who gives the lilies clothing,  
 Will clothe His people too :  
 Beneath the spreading heavens  
 No creature but is fed ;  
 And He, Who feeds the ravens,  
 Will give His children bread.

And though the fields should languish,  
 Nor flocks nor herds be there,  
 In years of drought and anguish  
 When homes are bleak and bare,  
 Yet, God the same abiding,  
 His praise shall tune my voice ;  
 For while in Him confiding,  
 I cannot but rejoice.

## GENERAL HYMNS

247

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
My noonday walks He shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary wandering steps He leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in a bare and rugged way  
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
His bounty shall my pains beguile ;  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden green and herbage crowned,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still :  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

## GENERAL HYMNS

248

THE King of love my shepherd is,  
Whose goodness faileth never ;  
I nothing lack if I am His  
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow  
My ransomed soul He leadeth,  
And, where the verdant pastures grow,  
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,  
But yet in love He sought me,  
And on His shoulder gently laid,  
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me ;  
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy Cross before to guide me.

And so through all the length of days  
Thy goodness faileth never ;  
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
Within Thy House for ever.

## GENERAL HYMNS

249

LORD, Thy word abideth,  
And our footsteps guideth ;  
Who its truth believeth  
Light and joy receiveth.

When our foes are near us,  
Then Thy word doth cheer us,  
Word of consolation,  
Message of salvation.

When the storms are o'er us,  
And dark clouds before us,  
Then its light directeth,  
And our way protecteth.

Who can tell the pleasure,  
Who recount the treasure,  
By Thy word imparted  
To the simple-hearted?

Word of mercy, giving  
Succour to the living ;  
Word of life, supplying  
Comfort to the dying !

Oh ! that we, discerning  
Its most holy learning,  
Lord, may love and fear Thee  
Evermore be near Thee !

## GENERAL HYMNS

250

LOVE Divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;  
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,  
All Thy faithful mercies crown ;  
Jesu, Thou art all compassion,  
Pure, unbounded love Thou art ;  
Visit us with Thy salvation,  
Enter every longing heart.

Come, Almighty to deliver,  
Let us all Thy life receive ;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more Thy temples leave ;  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve Thee as Thine hosts above ;  
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,  
Glory in Thy boundless love.

Finish then Thy new creation,  
Pure, unspotted may we be ;  
Let us see Thy great salvation  
Perfectly restored in Thee ;  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.



## GENERAL HYMNS

251

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,  
I lift my heart to Thee ;  
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
Dear Lord, remember me !

When on my aching burdened heart  
My sins lie heavily,  
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart,  
In love remember me !

When trials sore obstruct my way,  
And ills I cannot flee,  
Oh ! let my strength be as my day ;  
For good remember me !

If on my face, for Thy dear Name,  
Shame and reproach shall be,  
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,  
If Thou remember me !

And oh ! when in the hour of death  
I wait Thy just decree,  
Be this the prayer of my last breath,  
' Dear Lord, remember me ! '

## GENERAL HYMNS

252

JESU, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly,  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high ;  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past ;  
Safe into the haven guide ;  
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none ;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;  
Leave, O leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me ;  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring :  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
More than all in Thee I find ;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind :  
Thou of life the Fountain art :  
Freely let me take of Thee,  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all Eternity.

## GENERAL HYMNS

253

JESU, grant me this, I pray,  
Ever in Thy heart to stay ;  
Let me evermore abide  
Hidden in Thy wounded side.

If the evil one prepare,  
Or the world, a tempting snare,  
I am safe when I abide  
In Thy heart, and wounded side.

If the flesh, more dangerous still,  
Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,  
Naught I fear when I abide  
In Thy heart and wounded side.

Death will come one day to me ;  
Jesu, cast me not from Thee :  
Dying let me still abide  
In Thy heart and wounded side.

## GENERAL HYMNS

254

WEARY of earth, and laden with my sin,  
I look at heaven and long to enter in ;  
But there no evil thing may find a home :  
And yet I hear a voice that bids me come.

So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
In the pure glory of that holy land,  
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?  
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me  
near.

It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,  
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,  
And His the blood that can for all atone,  
And set me faultless there before the throne.

Nought can I bring, dear Lord, for all I owe,  
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow ;  
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,  
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love.

## GENERAL HYMNS

255

‘COME unto Me, ye weary,  
And I will give you rest.’  
O blessèd voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to hearts opprest !  
It tells of benediction,  
Of pardon, grace, and peace,  
Of joy that hath no ending,  
Of love which cannot cease.

‘Come unto Me, ye wanderers,  
And I will give you light.’  
O loving voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to cheer the night !  
Our hearts were filled with sadness,  
And we had lost our way ;  
But He has brought us gladness  
And songs at break of day.

‘Come unto Me, ye fainting,  
And I will give you life.’  
O cheering voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to aid our strife !  
The foe is stern and eager,  
The fight is fierce and long ;  
But He has made us mighty,  
And stronger than the strong.

‘And whosoever cometh,  
I will not cast him out !’  
O welcome voice of Jesus,  
Which drives away our doubt ;  
Which calls us very sinners,  
Unworthy though we be  
Of love so free and boundless,  
To come, dear Lord, to Thee !

## GENERAL HYMNS

256

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
‘Come unto Me, and rest ;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My breast.’  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad ;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
‘Behold, I freely give  
The living water ; thirsty one,  
Stoop down, and drink, and live.’  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream ;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
‘I am this dark world’s Light ;  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright.’  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him, my star, my sun ;  
And in that Light of life I’ll walk  
Till travelling days are done.

## GENERAL HYMNS

257

**H**ARK ! my soul, it is the Lord ;  
Tis thy Saviour, hear His word ;  
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,  
' Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ?

' I delivered thee when bound,  
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound ;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.

' Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare ?  
Yea, she may forgetful be,  
Yet will I remember thee.

' Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

' Thou shalt see My glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done ;  
Partner of My throne shalt be ;  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me ? '

Lord, it is my chief complaint  
That my love is weak and faint,  
Yet I love Thee, and adore ;  
Oh ! for grace to love Thee more !

## GENERAL HYMNS

258

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,  
    Lead Thou me on !  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
    Lead Thou me on !  
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
    Should'st lead me on :  
I loved to choose and see my path, but now  
    Lead Thou me on !  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still  
    Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
    The night is gone ;  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.



## GENERAL HYMNS

259

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?  
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?  
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?  
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.

Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?  
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?  
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.

Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?  
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

It is enough : earth's struggles soon shall cease,  
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

## GENERAL HYMNS

260

JESU dulcis memoria,  
Dans vera cordi gaudia,  
Sed super mel et omnia  
Ejus dulcis praesentia.

Nil canitur suävius,  
Nil auditur jucundius,  
Nil cogitatur dulcius,  
Quam Jesus Dei Filius.

Jesu, spes paenitentibus,  
Quam pius es petentibus !  
Quam bonus Te quaerentibus !  
Sed quid invenientibus ?

Jesu, dulcedo cordium,  
Fons veri, lumen mentium,  
Excedens omne gaudium,  
Et omne desiderium.

Nec lingua valet dicere  
Nec litera exprimere,  
Expertus potest credere,  
Quid sit Jesum diligere.

## GENERAL HYMNS

261

JESU, the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills the breast ;  
But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
And in Thy presence rest.

Tongue never spake, ear never heard,  
Nor e'er from heart o'erflowed  
A dearer name, a sweeter word,  
Than Jesus, Son of God.

O Hope of every contrite heart,  
O Joy of all the meek,  
To those who fall how kind Thou art !  
How good to those who seek !

But what to those who find? Ah ! this  
No tongue nor pen can show :  
The love of Jesus, what it is,  
None but His loved ones know.

Jesu, our only joy be Thou,  
As Thou our prize wilt be :  
In Thee be all our glory now,  
And through Eternity !

## GENERAL HYMNS

262

**C**HILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;  
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,  
Glorious in His works and ways.

We are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod :  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of light !  
Zion's city is in sight :  
There our endless home shall be,  
There our Lord we soon shall see.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
On the borders of your land ;  
Christ, the Everlasting Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord, obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below :  
Only Thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee.

## GENERAL HYMNS

263

LOVING Shepherd of Thy sheep,  
Keep Thy lamb, in safety keep :  
Nothing can Thy power withstand,  
None can pluck me from Thy hand.

Loving Saviour, thou didst give  
Thine own life that we might live ;  
And the hands outstretched to bless  
Bear the cruel nails' impress.

I would bless Thee every day,  
Gladly all Thy will obey,  
Like Thy blessed ones above,  
Happy in Thy precious love.

Loving Shepherd, ever near,  
Teach Thy lamb Thy voice to hear ;  
Suffer not my steps to stray  
From the straight and narrow way.

Where Thou leadest I would go,  
Walking in Thy steps below,  
Till before my Father's throne  
I shall know as I am known.

## GENERAL HYMNS

264

JESU, meek and gentle,  
Son of God Most High,  
Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear Thy children's cry.

Pardon our offences,  
Loose our captive chains,  
Break down every idol  
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,  
Fill our hearts with love,  
Draw us, holy Jesu,  
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,  
Be Thyself the Way  
Through terrestrial darkness  
To celestial day.

Jesu, meek and gentle,  
Son of God Most High,  
Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear Thy children's cry.

GENERAL HYMNS

265

FROM Egypt's bondage come,  
Where death and darkness reign,  
We seek a new, a better home,  
Where we our rest shall gain.

Alleluia !

We are on our way to God.

There sin and sorrow cease,  
And, every conflict o'er,  
There we shall dwell in endless peace,  
And never hunger more.

Alleluia !

We are on our way to God.

There in celestial strains  
Enraptured myriads sing ;  
And love in every bosom reigns,  
For God Himself is King.

Alleluia !

We are on our way to God.

We soon shall join the throng,  
And soon their pleasures share ;  
And sing the everlasting song,  
With all the ransomed there.

Alleluia !

We are on our way to God.

## GENERAL HYMNS

266

WHERE'ER have trod Thy sacred feet,  
Teach us, O Lord, Thy steps to trace,  
Where men in busy concourse meet,  
Or in the lonely wilderness.

Bid us with Thee to watch and pray,  
With Thee to die, with Thee to rise,  
With Thee to bear our cross each day,  
With Thee to soar beyond the skies.

Where'er Thou art may we remain,  
Where'er Thou goest may we go :  
With Thee, O Lord, no grief is pain ;  
Away from Thee, all joy is woe.

Oh ! may we in each holy tide,  
Each solemn season, dwell with Thee,  
Content if only by Thy side,  
In life or death, we still may be !



## GENERAL HYMNS

267

LORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee,  
And plead to be forgiven,  
So let Thy life our pattern be,  
And form our souls for heaven.

Help us, through good report and ill,  
Our daily cross to bear ;  
Like Thee to do our Father's will,  
Our brethren's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,  
Our earthliness refine,  
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,  
As free and true as Thine.

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,  
And grief's dark day come on,  
We in our turn would meekly cry  
' Father, Thy will be done ! '

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife  
Forgiving and forgiven,  
Oh ! may we lead the pilgrim's life,  
And follow Thee to heaven !

GENERAL HYMNS

268

BLEST be Thy love, dear Lord,  
That taught us this sweet way,  
Only to love Thee for Thyself  
And for that love obey.

O Thou our souls' chief hope,  
We to Thy mercy fly :  
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,  
Whate'er we need supply.

Whether we sleep or wake,  
To Thee we both resign :  
By night we see, as well as day,  
If Thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,  
Both we submit to Thee :  
In death we live, as well as life,  
If Thine in death we be.

GENERAL HYMNS

269

**H**OW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear !

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;

'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name, the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace !

Jesus, my Master, Shepherd, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;  
But, when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath ;  
And may the music of Thy Name  
Refresh my soul in death !

270

**T**O the Name of our salvation  
Laud and honour let us pay,  
Which for many a generation  
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,  
But with holy exultation  
We may sing aloud to-day.

## GENERAL HYMNS

Jesus is the Name we treasure,  
Name beyond what words can tell ;  
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,  
Ear and heart delighting well ;  
Name of sweetness passing measure,  
Saving us from sin and hell.

'Tis the Name for adoration,  
Name for songs of victory,  
Name for holy meditation  
In this vale of misery,  
Name for joyful veneration  
By the citizens on high.

'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth  
Speaks like music to the ear ;  
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth  
Sweetest comfort findeth near ;  
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth  
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

Jesus is the Name exalted  
Over every other name ;  
In this Name, whene'er assaulted,  
We can put our foes to shame ;  
Strength to them who else had halted,  
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

Therefore we in love adoring  
This most blessèd Name revere,  
Holy Jesu, Thee imploring  
So to write it in us here,  
That hereafter heavenward soaring  
We may sing with angels there.

## GENERAL HYMNS

271

JESUS ! Thy boundless love to me  
No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;  
O knit my thankful heart to Thee,  
And reign without a rival there :  
Thine only, Thine alone, I am ;  
Lord, with Thy love my heart inflame !

O grant that nothing in my soul  
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone :  
O may Thy love possess me whole,  
My joy, my treasure, and my crown :  
All coldness from my heart remove,  
May every act, word, thought, be love.

O love ! how cheering is thy ray !  
All pain before thy presence flies ;  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
Where'er thy healing beams arise ;  
O Jesus, nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire, or seek, but Thee.

In suffering, be Thy love my peace ;  
In weakness, be Thy love my power :  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
Jesus, in that tremendous hour,  
In death, as life, be Thou my guide,  
And save me, Who for me hast died.

## GENERAL HYMNS

272

**G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God :

He Whose word cannot be broken  
Formed thee for His own abode :  
On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose ?  
With salvation's wall surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

Though the world esteem thee lowly,  
Though they pass thy ramparts by,  
Yet the Lord, Whose Name is holy,  
He Who fills Eternity,  
He Whom not the heaven containeth,  
Not the high and holy place,  
Still within thy walls remaineth,  
Still upholds thee with His grace.

Heed not thou reproach and scorning,  
Fear not threats or danger near ;  
Soon shall rise the blissful morning  
When the Bridegroom shall appear :  
Then, His light abiding in thee,  
Who so glad, so blest as thou ?  
Happy they that dwell within thee,  
They that love and own thee now !

## GENERAL HYMNS

273

COME, let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne ;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues  
But all their joys are one.

‘ Worthy the Lamb that died,’ they cry,  
‘ To be exalted thus.’  
‘ Worthy the Lamb,’ our lips reply,  
‘ For He was slain for us.’

Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and power divine ;  
And blessings more than we can give  
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Let all creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred Name  
Of Him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

## GENERAL HYMNS

274

**Y**E servants of God, your Master proclaim,  
And publish abroad His wonderful Name ;  
The Name all-victorious of Jesus extol ;  
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

God ruleth on high, almighty to save ;  
And still He is nigh, His presence we have ;  
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

‘ Salvation to God, Who sits on the throne ! ’  
Let all cry aloud, and honour the Son ;  
Our Saviour’s great praises the angels proclaim,  
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore, and give Him His right,  
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,  
All honour and blessing, with angels above,  
And thanks never-ceasing for infinite love.



GENERAL HYMNS

275

WE love the place, O God,  
Wherein Thine honour dwells ;  
The joy of Thine abode  
All earthly joy excels.

It is the house of prayer,  
Wherein Thy servants meet ;  
And Thou, O Lord, art there  
Thy chosen flock to greet.

We love Thy Table, Lord,  
Oh, what on earth so dear ?  
For there, in faith adored,  
We find Thy presence near.

We love the word of life,  
The word that tells of peace,  
Of comfort in the strife,  
And joys that never cease.

We love to sing below  
For mercies freely given ;  
But oh ! we long to know  
The triumph-song of heaven.

Lord Jesus, give us grace  
On earth to love Thee more,  
In heaven to see Thy face,  
And with Thy saints adore.

GENERAL HYMNS

276

O GOD of Hosts, the mighty Lord,  
How lovely is the place  
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, show'st  
The brightness of Thy face !

My longing soul faints with desire  
To view Thy blest abode ;  
My panting heart and flesh cry out  
For Thee, the living God.

O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,  
How highly blest are they  
Who in Thy temple always dwell,  
And there Thy praise display !

Thrice happy they whose choice has Thee  
Their sure protection made ;  
Who long to tread the sacred ways  
That to Thy dwelling lead !

Thus they proceed from strength to strength,  
And still approach more near,  
Till all on Zion's holy mount  
Before their God appear.

GENERAL HYMNS

277

GO up, go up, my heart !  
Dwell with thy God above ;  
For here thou canst not rest,  
Nor here give out thy love.

Go up, go up, my heart !  
Be not a trifler here ;  
Ascend above these clouds,  
Dwell in a higher sphere.

Let not thy love flow out  
To things so soiled and dim ;  
Go up to heaven and God,  
Take up thy love to Him.

Go up, reluctant heart !  
Take up thy rest above ;  
Arise, earth-clinging thoughts,  
Ascend, my lingering love.

278

'LIFT up your hearts !' We lift them,  
to Thee ;  
Here, at Thy feet, none other may we see :  
'Lift up your hearts !' E'en so, with one ac  
We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord

## GENERAL HYMNS

Above the level of the former years,  
The mire of sin, the slough of guilty fears,  
The mist of doubt, the blight of love's decay,  
O Lord of light, lift all our hearts to-day.

Above the swamps of subterfuge and shame,  
The deeds, the thoughts, that honour may not  
    name,  
The halting tongue that dares not tell the whole,  
O Lord of truth, lift every Christian soul.

Above the storms that vex this lower state,  
Pride, jealousy, and envy, rage, and hate,  
And cold mistrust that holds e'en friends apart,  
O Lord of love, lift every brother's heart.

Lift us to Thee, each boy, each master here,  
Our friends, our homes, and all we count most  
    dear ;  
Learning, and wit, grace, vigour, childish glee,  
Lift them, O Lord, and lift them all to Thee.

Lift every gift that Thou Thyself hast given ;  
Low lies the best till lifted up to heaven :  
Low lie the bounding heart, the teeming brain,  
Till, sent from God, they mount to God again.

Then, as the trumpet-call, in after years,  
'Lift up your hearts !' rings pealing in our ears,  
Still shall those hearts respond, with full accord,  
'We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord.'

## GENERAL HYMNS

179

**L**ORD, Thy mercy now entreating,  
Low before Thy throne we fall,  
Our misdeeds to Thee confessing,  
On Thy Name we humbly call.

Sinful thoughts, and words unloving,  
Rise against us one by one ;  
Acts unworthy, deeds unthinking,  
Good that we have left undone ;

Hearts that far from Thee were straying,  
While in prayer we bowed the knee ;  
Lips that, while Thy praises sounding,  
Lifted not the voice to Thee ;

Precious moments idly wasted,  
Precious hours in folly spent ;  
Christian vow and fight unheeded,  
Scarce a thought to wisdom lent.

Lord, Thy mercy still entreating,  
We with shame our sins would own ;  
From henceforth, the time redeeming,  
May we live to Thee alone.

Heavenly Father, bless Thy children ;  
Hearken from Thy throne on high ;  
Loving Saviour, Holy Spirit,  
Hear and heed our humble cry.

## GENERAL HYMNS

280

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire  
Uttered or unexpressed ;  
The motion of a hidden fire,  
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye  
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech  
That infant-lips can try ;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach  
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death ;  
He enters heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice,  
And cry, ' Behold, he prays ! '

O Thou, by Whom we come to God,  
The Life, the Truth, the Way,  
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod ;  
Lord, teach us how to pray.

## GENERAL HYMNS

281

OH ! for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame,  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb !

Return, O Holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest ;  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame ;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.

## GENERAL HYMNS

282

**O**H ! for a heart to praise my God,  
A heart from guilt set free,  
A heart that 's sprinkled with the blood  
So freely shed for me !

A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My blest Redeemer's throne ;  
Where only Christ is heard to speak  
Where Jesus reigns alone !

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true and clean ;  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him Who dwells within !

A heart in every thought renewed,  
And filled with love divine ;  
Perfect and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine !

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart,  
Come quickly from above ;  
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,  
Thy new best Name of love.



## GENERAL HYMNS

283

MY God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home, on life's rough way,  
O teach me from my heart to say,  
Thy will be done !

Though dark my path and sad my lot,  
Let me be still, and murmur not,  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
Thy will be done !

If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine ;  
I only yield Thee what was Thine ;  
Thy will be done !

If but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest ;  
Thy will be done !

Renew my will from day to day ;  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
Thy will be done !

Then, when on earth I breathe no more,  
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
Thy will be done !

GENERAL HYMNS

284

ETERNAL God, we look to Thee,  
To Thee for help we fly :  
Thine eye alone our wants can see,  
Thy hand alone supply.

Lord, let Thy fear within us dwell :  
Thy love our footsteps guide :  
That love will all vain love expel ;  
That fear, all fear beside.

Not what we wish, but what we want,  
Oh ! let Thy grace supply :  
The good, unasked, in mercy grant ;  
The ill, though asked, deny.

285

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign will denies,  
Accepted at Thy throne of grace  
Let this petition rise.

Give me a calm and thankful heart,  
From every murmur free ;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And make me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
My life and death attend ;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

## GENERAL HYMNS

286

THERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign ;  
Eternal day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers :  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green :  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.

Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love  
With unclouded eyes ;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

## GENERAL HYMNS

287

**P**RAISE to the Lord ! the Almighty, the King  
of creation !

O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and  
salvation !

All ye who hear,  
Now to His temple draw near,  
Join me in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord ! Who o'er all things so won-  
drously reigneth,  
Shelters thee under His wings, yet so gently sus-  
taineth :

Hast thou not seen  
How thy desires have been  
Granted in what He ordaineth ?

Praise to the Lord ! Who doth prosper thy work  
and defend thee ;  
Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend  
thee :

Ponder anew  
What the Almighty can do,  
If with His love He befriend thee.

Praise to the Lord ! Oh ! let all that is in me  
adore Him !  
All that hath life and breath, come now with  
praises before Him !

Let the Amen  
Sound from His people again ;  
Gladly for aye we adore Him.

## GENERAL HYMNS

288

SONGS of praise the angels sang,  
Heaven with Alleluias rang,  
When Jehovah's work begun,  
When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn  
When the Prince of Peace was born ;  
Songs of praise arose when He  
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,  
Songs of praise shall crown that day ;  
God will make new heavens and earth ;  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb  
Till that glorious kingdom come?  
No ! the Church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Now in songs of praise rejoice,  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath  
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;  
Then, amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

## GENERAL HYMNS

289

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven !  
To His feet thy tribute bring :  
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
Who like thee His praise should sing?  
Praise Him ! Praise Him !  
Praise the Everlasting King !

Praise Him for His grace and favour  
To our fathers in distress !  
Praise Him still the same for ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless !  
Praise Him ! Praise Him !  
Glorious in His faithfulness !

Angels in the height, adore Him !  
Ye behold Him face to face ;  
Saints triumphant, bow before Him,  
Gathered in from every race :  
Praise Him ! Praise Him !  
Praise with us the God of grace !

## GENERAL HYMNS

290

O GOD, our Father far above,  
We praise Thy Name for all the love  
Thou in Thy Son dost give us ;  
In Him are we made one with Thee,  
Our Brother and our Friend is He ;  
Should aught affright or grieve us ?  
He is greatest, best, and highest,  
Ever nighest  
To the weakest ;  
Fear no foes, if Him thou seekest.

Oh ! praise to Him Who came to save,  
Who conquered death and burst the grave !  
Each day new praise resoundeth  
To Him the Lamb Who once was slain,  
The Friend Whom none shall trust in vain,  
Whose grace for aye aboundeth :  
Sing, ye heavens, tell the story  
Of His glory,  
Till His praises  
Flood with light earth's darkest places.

Thou here our comfort, there our crown,  
Thou King of heaven, Who camest down  
To dwell as Man beside us,  
Our heart doth praise Thee o'er and o'er ;  
If Thou art mine, I ask no more,  
Be wealth or fame denied me ;  
Thee we follow ; none who proves Thee  
None who loves Thee  
Finds Thee fail him ;  
Lord of life, Thy powers avail him.

## GENERAL HYMNS

291

**G**OD of mercy, God of grace,  
Show the brightness of Thy face :  
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,  
Fill Thy Church with light divine ;  
And Thy saving health extend  
Unto earth's remotest end.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;  
Be by all that live adored :  
Let the nations shout and sing  
Glory to their Saviour King ;  
At Thy feet their tributes pay,  
And Thy holy will obey.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;  
Earth shall then her fruits afford ;  
God to man His blessing give,  
Man to God devoted live ;  
All below, and all above,  
One in joy, and light, and love.



## GENERAL HYMNS

292

PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens adore Him,  
Praise Him, angels in the height !  
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,  
Praise Him, all ye stars and light !  
Praise the Lord ! for He hath spoken ;  
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed ;  
Laws which never shall be broken  
For their guidance He has made.

Praise the Lord ! for He is glorious ;  
Never shall His promise fail :  
God hath made His saints victorious,  
Sin and death shall not prevail.  
Praise the God of our salvation ;  
Hosts on high, His power proclaim !  
Heaven and earth and all creation,  
Laud and magnify His Name !

293

CHRIST is our corner-stone,  
On Him alone we build ;  
With His true saints alone  
The courts of heaven are filled  
On His great love  
Our hopes we place  
Of present grace  
And joys above.

## GENERAL HYMNS

Oh ! then with hymns of praise  
These hallowed courts shall ring ;  
Our voices we will raise  
The Three in One to sing ;  
And thus proclaim  
In joyful song,  
Both loud and long,  
That glorious Name.

Here, gracious God, do Thou  
For evermore draw nigh ;  
Accept each faithful vow,  
And mark each suppliant sigh ;  
In copious shower  
On all who pray  
Each holy day  
Thy blessings pour.

Here may we gain from heaven  
The grace which we implore ;  
And may that grace, once given,  
Be with us evermore,  
Until that day  
When all the blest  
To endless rest  
Are called away.

## GENERAL HYMNS

294

JESU, Thou joy of loving hearts,  
Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,  
From the best bliss that earth imparts  
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood,  
Thou savest those that on Thee call ;  
To them that seek Thee Thou art good ;  
To them that find Thee, all in all !

We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,  
And long to feast upon Thee still ;  
We drink of Thee, the Fountain-head,  
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,  
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;  
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,  
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesu, ever with us stay ;  
Make all our moments calm and bright ;  
Chase the dark night of sin away ;  
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

GENERAL HYMNS

295

SOULS of men, why will ye scatter  
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?  
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander  
From a love so true and deep?

Was there ever kindest shepherd  
Half so gentle, half so sweet,  
As the Saviour Who would have us  
Come and gather round His feet?

There 's a wideness in God's mercy,  
Like the wideness of the sea ;  
There 's a kindness in His justice,  
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows  
Are more felt than up in heaven ;  
There is no place where earth's failings  
Have such kindly judgement given.

There is plentiful redemption  
In the blood that has been shed ;  
There is joy for all the members  
In the sorrows of the Head.

For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man's mind ;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,  
We should take Him at His word ;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

His the victory alone ;  
Hark ! the songs of peaceful Sion  
Thunder like a mighty flood ;  
Jesus out of every nation  
Hath redeemed us by His blood.

Alleluia ! not as orphans  
Are we left in sorrow now ;  
Alleluia ! He is near us,  
Faith believes, nor questions how :  
Though the cloud from sight received Him,  
When the Forty Days were o'er,  
Shall our hearts forget His promise,  
' I am with you evermore ' ?

Alleluia ! Bread of angels,  
Thou on earth our food, our stay ;  
Alleluia ! here the sinful  
Flee to Thee from day to day ;  
Intercessor. Friend of sinners.

## GENERAL HYMNS

Alleluia ! King Eternal,  
Thee the Lord of lords we own ;  
Alleluia ! born of Mary,  
Earth Thy footstool, heaven Thy throne ;  
Thou within the veil hast entered,  
Robed in flesh, our great High Priest ;  
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim  
In the Eucharistic Feast.

Alleluia ! sing to Jesus !  
His the sceptre, His the throne ;  
Alleluia ! His the triumph,  
His the victory alone ;  
Hark ! the songs of peaceful Sion  
Thunder like a mighty flood ;  
Jesus out of every nation  
Hath redeemed us by His blood.

## GENERAL HYMNS

297

SAVIOUR, blessèd Saviour,  
Listen whilst we sing,  
Hearts and voices raising  
Praises to our King ;  
All we have to offer,  
All we hope to be,  
Body, soul, and spirit,  
All we yield to Thee.

Nearer, ever nearer,  
Christ, we draw to Thee,  
Deep in adoration  
Bending low the knee ;  
Thou for our redemption  
Cam'st on earth to die ;  
Thou, that we might follow,  
Hast gone up on high.

Brighter still and brighter  
Glows the western sun,  
Shedding all its gladness  
O'er our work that 's done ;  
Time will soon be over,  
Toil and sorrow past,  
May we, blessèd Saviour,  
Find a rest at last.

## GENERAL HYMNS

Onward, ever onward,  
Journeying o'er the road  
Worn by saints before us,  
Journeying on to God ;  
Leaving all behind us,  
May we hasten on,  
Backward never looking  
Till the prize is won.

Bliss, all bliss excelling,  
When the ransomed soul,  
Earthly toils forgetting,  
Finds its promised goal ;  
Where in joys unheard of  
Saints with angels sing,  
Never weary raising  
Praises to their King !



## GENERAL HYMNS

298

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,  
Marching on to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus  
Going on before !  
Christ the Royal Master  
Leads against the foe ;  
Forward into battle,  
See, His banners go.  
Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus  
Going on before !

At the sign of triumph  
Satan's host doth flee ;  
On then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory !  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise ;  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise.  
Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus  
Going on before !

Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God ;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod ;

## GENERAL HYMNS

We are not divided,  
All one body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.  
Onward, Christian soldiers  
Marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus  
Going on before !

Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain ;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail ;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.  
Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus  
Going on before !

Onward, then, ye people !  
Join our happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song :  
Glory, laud, and honour  
Unto Christ the King,  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.  
Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the Cross of Jesus  
Going on before !

## GENERAL HYMNS

299

STAND up ! stand up for Jesus !  
Ye soldiers of the Cross ;  
Lift high His royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss.  
From victory to victory  
His army He shall lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !  
The solemn watchword hear,  
If while ye sleep He suffers,  
Away with shame and fear ;  
Where'er ye meet with evil,  
Within you or without,  
Charge for the God of battles,  
And put the foe to rout.

Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !  
Stand in His strength alone ;  
The arm of flesh will fail you,  
Ye dare not trust your own.  
Put on the Gospel armour,  
Each piece put on with prayer ;  
Where duty calls or danger,  
Be never wanting there !

Stand up ! stand up for Jesus !  
The strife will not be long ;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song.

## GENERAL HYMNS

To him that overcometh  
A crown of life shall be ;  
He with the King of Glory  
Shall reign eternally.

300

ALL hail the power of Jesus' Name !  
Let angels prostrate fall ;  
Bring forth the royal diadem  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransomed of the fall,  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,  
Whom David Lord did call,  
The God Incarnate, Man Divine,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue  
Before Him prostrate fall,  
And shout in universal song  
The crownèd Lord of all.

Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns  
All music but its own.

Awake, my soul, and sing  
Of Him Who died for thee ;  
And hail Him as thy matchless King,  
Through all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of love :  
Behold His hands and side,  
Rich wounds, yet visible above,  
In beauty glorified.

Crown Him the Lord of years,  
The Potentate of time,  
Creator of the rolling spheres,  
Ineffably sublime :

All hail, Redeemer, hail !  
For Thou hast died for me ;

## GENERAL HYMNS

302

AS pants the hart for cooling streams  
When heated in the chase,  
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,  
And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine :  
Oh ! when shall I behold Thy face,  
Thou Majesty Divine?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
The praise of Him Who is thy God,  
Thy health's eternal spring.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

## GENERAL HYMNS

303

**T**HROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow  
Onward goes the pilgrim band,  
Singing songs of expectation,  
Marching to the promised land.

Clear before us through the darkness  
Gleams and burns the guiding Light ;  
Brother clasps the hand of brother,  
Stepping fearless through the night.

One the light of God's own presence  
O'er His ransomed people shed,  
Chasing far the gloom and terror,  
Brightening all the path we tread :

One the object of our journey,  
One the faith which never tires,  
One the earnest looking forward,  
One the hope our God inspires :

One the strain that lips of thousands  
Lift as from the heart of one ;  
One the conflict, one the peril,  
One the march in God begun :

One the gladness of rejoicing  
On the far eternal shore,  
Where the One Almighty Father  
Reigns in love for evermore.

## GENERAL HYMNS

Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,  
Onward with the Cross our aid ;  
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,  
Till we rest beneath its shade.

Soon shall come the great awaking,  
Soon the rending of the tomb ;  
Then the scattering of all shadows,  
And the end of toil and gloom.



GENERAL HYMNS

304

O HAPPY. band of pilgrims,  
If onward ye will tread  
With Jesus as your fellow  
To Jesus as your Head !

O happy if ye labour  
As Jesus did for men :  
O happy if ye hunger  
As Jesus hungered then !

The Cross that Jesus carried  
He carried as your due :  
The crown that Jesus weareth,  
He weareth it for you.

The faith by which ye see Him,  
The hope in which ye yearn,  
The love that through all troubles  
To Him alone will turn,

The trials that beset you,  
The sorrows ye endure,  
The manifold temptations  
That death alone can cure,

What are they but His jewels  
Of right celestial worth ?  
What are they but the ladder  
Set up to heaven on earth ?

O happy band of pilgrims,  
Look upward to the skies,  
Where such a light affliction  
Shall win so great a prize.

GENERAL HYMNS

305

CONQUERING kings their titles take  
From the foes they captive make :  
Jesus, by a nobler deed,  
From the thousands He hath freed.

Yes ; none other Name is given  
Unto mortals under heaven,  
Which can make the dead arise,  
And exalt them to the skies.

That which Christ so hardly wrought,  
That which He so dearly bought,  
That salvation, brethren, say,  
Shall we madly cast away?

- Rather gladly for that Name  
Bear the cross, endure the shame ;  
Joyfully for Him to die  
Is not death but victory.

Jesus, Who dost condescend,  
To be called the sinner's Friend,  
Hear us, as to Thee we pray,  
Glorying in Thy Name to-day.

Glory to the Father be,  
Glory, Holy Son, to Thee,  
Glory to the Holy Ghost,  
From the saints and angel-host.

## GENERAL HYMNS

306

O JESUS, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end ;  
Be Thou for ever near me,  
My Master and my Friend ;  
I shall not fear the battle  
If Thou art by my side,  
Nor wander from the pathway  
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

Oh ! let me feel Thee near me :  
The world is ever near ;  
I see the sights that dazzle,  
The tempting sounds I hear ;  
My foes are ever near me,  
Around me and within ;  
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,  
And shield my soul from sin.

Oh ! let me hear Thee speaking  
In accents clear and still,  
Above the storms of passion,  
The murmurs of self-will ;  
Oh ! speak to re-assure me,  
To hasten or control ;  
Oh ! speak, and make me listen,  
Thou Guardian of my soul.

## GENERAL HYMNS

O Jesus, Thou hast promised  
To all who follow Thee,  
That where Thou art in glory  
There shall Thy servant be,  
And, Jesus, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end ;  
Oh ! give me grace to follow,  
My Master and my Friend.

Oh ! let me see Thy footmarks,  
And in them plant mine own ;  
My hope to follow duly  
Is in Thy strength alone ;  
Oh ! guide me, call me, draw me,  
Uphold me to the end ;  
And then in heaven receive me,  
My Saviour and my Friend.

GENERAL HYMNS

307

O JESU, Thou art standing  
Outside the fast-closed door,  
In lowly patience waiting  
To pass the threshold o'er :  
Shame on us, Christian brethren,  
His Name and sign who bear,  
Oh ! shame, thrice shame upon us  
To keep Him standing there !

O Jesu, Thou art knocking :  
And lo ! that hand is scarred,  
And thorns Thy brow encircle,  
And tears Thy face have marred :  
O love that passeth knowledge  
So patiently to wait !  
O sin that hath no equal  
So fast to bar the gate !

O Jesu, Thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low,  
' I died for you, My children,  
And will ye treat Me so ? '  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door :  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us never more.

## GENERAL HYMNS

308

LORD, it belongs not to my care  
Whether I die or live ;  
To love and serve Thee is my share,  
And this Thy grace must give.

If life be long, oh ! make me glad  
The longer to obey ;  
If short, no labourer is sad  
To end his toilsome day.

Christ leads me through no darker rooms  
Then He went through before ;  
He that unto God's kingdom comes  
Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet  
Thy blessèd face to see :  
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will Thy glory be !

My knowledge of that life is small,  
The eye of faith is dim ;  
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with Him.

## GENERAL HYMNS

309

**M**Y God, how wonderful Thou art  
Thy majesty how bright,  
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,  
In depths of burning light !  
How dread are Thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord,  
By prostrate spirits day and night  
Incessantly adored !  
How wonderful, how beautiful,  
The sight of Thee must be,  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,  
And awful purity !  
Oh ! how I fear Thee, living God,  
With deepest, tenderest fears,  
And worship Thee with trembling hope,  
And penitential tears !  
Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,  
Almighty as Thou art,  
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.

310

**D**ISPOSER Supreme,  
And Judge of the earth,  
Who choosest for Thine  
The weak and the poor ;  
To frail earthen vessels  
And things of no worth  
Entrusting Thy riches  
Which aye shall endure ;

## GENERAL HYMNS

Those vessels soon fail,  
Though full of Thy light,  
And at Thy decree  
Are broken and gone ;  
Thence brightly appeareth  
Thy truth in its might,  
As through the clouds riven  
The lightnings have shone.

Like clouds are they borne  
To do Thy great will,  
And swift as the winds  
About the world go ;  
The Word with His wisdom  
Their spirits doth fill,  
They thunder, they lighten,  
The waters o'erflow.

Their sound goeth forth,  
' Christ Jesus the Lord ; '  
Then Satan doth fear,  
His citadels fall :  
As when the dread trumpets  
Went forth at Thy word,  
And one long blast shattered  
The Canaanite's wall.

Oh ! loud be their tramp,  
And stirring their sound  
To rouse us, O Lord,  
From slumber of sin !  
The lights Thou hast kindled  
In darkness around,  
Oh ! may they illumine  
Our spirits within !





And called us from darkness  
His glory to see !

311

THE God of Abraham praise,  
Who reigns enthroned above,  
Ancient of everlasting days,  
And God of love :  
Jehovah, great I Am,  
By earth and heaven confest ;  
We bow and bless the sacred Name  
For ever blest.

Though nature's strength decay,  
And earth and hell withstand,  
To Canaan's bounds we urge our way

## GENERAL HYMNS

There dwells the Lord, our King,  
The Lord our Righteousness,  
Triumphant o'er the world of sin,  
The Prince of Peace :  
On Sion's sacred height  
His kingdom He maintains,  
And glorious with His saints in light  
For ever reigns.

He keeps His own secure,  
He guards them by His side,  
Arrays in garment white and pure  
His spotless Bride :  
With streams of sacred bliss,  
Beneath serener skies,  
With all the fruits of Paradise  
He still supplies.

The God Who reigns on high  
The great archangels sing ;  
And ' Holy, Holy, Holy,' cry,  
' Almighty King,  
Who was, and is the same,  
And evermore shall be !  
Jehovah, Father, great I Am  
We worship Thee.'

**F**IERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep  
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep  
But Thou wast wrapped in guileless sleep,  
Calm and still.

'Save, Lord ! we perish,' was their cry,  
'O save us in our agony !'  
Thy word above the storm rose high,  
'Peace, be still.'

The wild winds hushed ; the angry deep  
Sank, like a little child, to sleep ;  
The sullen billows ceased to leap,  
At Thy will.

So, when our life is clouded o'er,  
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,  
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,  
'Peace, be still.'

## GENERAL HYMNS

313

LORD of our life, and God of our salvation,  
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,  
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,  
Lord God Almighty.

See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling ;  
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling ;  
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,  
Thou canst preserve us.

Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armour  
faileth,  
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,  
Lord, o'er Thy Church nor death nor hell pre-  
vaileth ;  
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,  
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,  
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,  
Peace in Thy heaven.

## GENERAL HYMNS

314

REJOICE, the Lord is King,  
Your Lord and King adore ;  
Mortals, give thanks and sing,  
And triumph evermore :  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice !

Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,  
The God of truth and love :  
When He had purged our stains,  
He took His seat above :  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice !

His kingdom cannot fail ;  
He rules o'er earth and heaven ;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given :  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, again I say rejoice !

He sits at God's right hand  
Till all His foes submit,  
And bow to His command,  
And fall beneath His feet :  
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice ;  
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice !

GENERAL HYMNS

315

**W**E have not known Thee as we ought,  
Nor learned Thy wisdom, grace and power ;  
The things of earth have filled our thought,  
And trifles of the passing hour.

Lord, give us light Thy truth to see,  
And make us wise in knowing Thee.

We have not feared Thee as we ought,  
Nor bowed beneath Thine awful eye,  
Nor guarded deed and word and thought,  
Remembering that God was nigh,  
Lord, give us faith to know Thee near,  
And grant the grace of holy fear.

We have not loved Thee as we ought,  
Nor cared that we are loved by Thee ;  
Thy presence we have coldly sought,  
And feebly longed Thy face to see.  
Lord, give a pure and loving heart  
To feel and own the love Thou art.

We have not served Thee as we ought,  
Alas ! the duties left undone,  
The work with little fervour wrought,  
The battles lost, or scarcely won !  
Lord, give the zeal, and give the might,  
For Thee to toil, for Thee to fight.

When shall we know Thee as we ought,  
And fear and love and serve aright?  
When shall we out of trial brought  
Be perfect in the land of light?  
Lord, may we day by day prepare  
To see Thy face, and serve Thee there.

O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share  
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,  
On Thee we cast each earth-born care :  
We smile at pain while Thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,  
And sorrow crown each lingering year ;  
No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
Our hearts still whispering, 'Thou art near.

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
And trembling faith is changed to fear ;  
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,  
Shall softly tell us, 'Thou art near.'

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,  
O Love Divine, for ever dear ;  
Content to suffer, while we know,  
Living and dying, Thou art near.

## GENERAL HYMNS

317

PRAISE to our God ! Whose bounteous hand  
Prepared of old our glorious land,  
A garden fenced with silver sea ;  
A people prosperous, strong and free.

Praise to our God ! through all our past  
His mighty arm hath held us fast ;  
Till wars and perils, toils and tears,  
Have brought the rich and peaceful years.

Praise to our God ! the vine He set  
Within our coasts is fruitful yet ;  
On many a shore her seedlings grow ;  
'Neath many a sun her clusters glow.

Praise to our God ! His power alone  
Can keep unmoved our ancient throne ;  
Sustained by counsels wise and just,  
And guarded by a people's trust.

Praise to our God ! though chastenings stern  
Our evil dross should thoroughly burn ;  
His rod and staff, from age to age,  
Shall rule and guide His heritage.



# GENERAL HYMNS

318 **L**ET us with a gladsome mind  
 Praise the Lord, for He is kind !  
 Long our island throne has stood,  
 Planted on the ocean flood ;  
 Crowned with rock, and girt with sea,  
 Home and refuge of the free :  
 For His mercies aye endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

On that island throne have sate  
 Alfred's goodness, Edward's state ;  
 Princely strength and queenly grace,  
 Lengthened line of royal race :  
 Round that throne have stood of old  
 Seers and statesmen, firm and bold ;  
 Burghley's wisdom, Hampden's fire,  
 Chatham's force in son and sire.

Let us with a gladsome mind  
 Praise the Lord, for He is kind !  
 Him, in homely English tongue,  
 Epic lay and lyric song,  
 Shakespeare's myriad-minded verse,  
 Milton's heavenward strains rehearse :  
 For His mercies aye endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us with a gladsome mind  
 Praise the Lord, for He is kind !  
 Soldiers tried in every clime,  
 Sailors famous through all time,  
 Hands of iron, hearts of oak,  
 Fresh from their Creator's stroke,  
 These His gifts for aye endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

## GENERAL HYMNS

Science, with her thousand eyes,  
Sunless mine and starlit skies  
Probes and pierces far and near,  
Man's estate to guide and cheer :  
Hither, in our heathen night,  
Came of yore the Gospel light ;  
By the Saviour's sacred story  
'Angles' turned to angels' glory.

Let us with a gladsome mind  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind !  
Rustic churchyard, lordly pile,  
Studious cloister, crowded aisle,  
Lady-chapel, gorgeous shrine,  
All proclaim with voice divine  
That Thy mercies still endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us with a gladsome mind  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind !  
Breaking with a gracious hand  
Ancient error's subtle band ;  
Opening wide the sacred page  
Kindling hope in saint and sage  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Give us homes serene and pure,  
Settled freedom, laws secure ;  
Truthful lips and minds sincere,  
Faith and love that cast out fear :  
Grant that light and life divine  
Long on England's shores may shine ;  
Grant that people, Church and throne  
May in all good deeds be one.

And faithful souls have yearned to see  
On earth that kingdom's day.

But the slow watches of the night  
Not less to God belong ;  
And for the everlasting right  
• The silent stars are strong.

And lo, already on the hills  
The flags of dawn appear ;  
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,  
Proclaim the day is near :

The day in whose clear-shining light  
All wrong shall stand revealed,  
When justice shall be throned in might,  
And every heart be healed ;

When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,  
Shall walk the earth abroad ;—  
The day of perfect righteousness,  
The promised day of God

## GENERAL HYMNS

320

THE Lord will come and not be slow,  
His footsteps cannot err ;  
Before him righteousness shall go,  
His royal harbinger.

Truth from the earth, like to a flower,  
Shall bud and blossom then :  
And justice, from her heavenly bower,  
Look down on mortal men.

Rise, God, judge Thou the earth in might,  
This wicked earth redress ;  
For Thou art He Who shalt by right  
The nations all possess.

The nations all whom Thou hast made  
Shall come, and all shall frame  
To bow them low before Thee, Lord,  
And glorify Thy Name.

For great Thou art, and wonders great  
By Thy strong hand are done :  
Thou in Thy everlasting seat  
Remainest God alone.

## GENERAL HYMNS

321

LORD, while for all mankind we pray  
Of every clime and coast,  
Oh ! hear us for our native land,  
The land we love the most.

Oh ! guard our shores from every foe ;  
With peace our borders bless ;  
With prosperous times our cities crown :  
Our fields with plenteousness.

Unite us in the sacred love  
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee ;  
And let our hills and valleys shout  
The songs of liberty.

Lord of the nations, thus to Thee  
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Be Thou her Refuge and her Trust,  
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